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THE SPHERE, JULY 3, 1937
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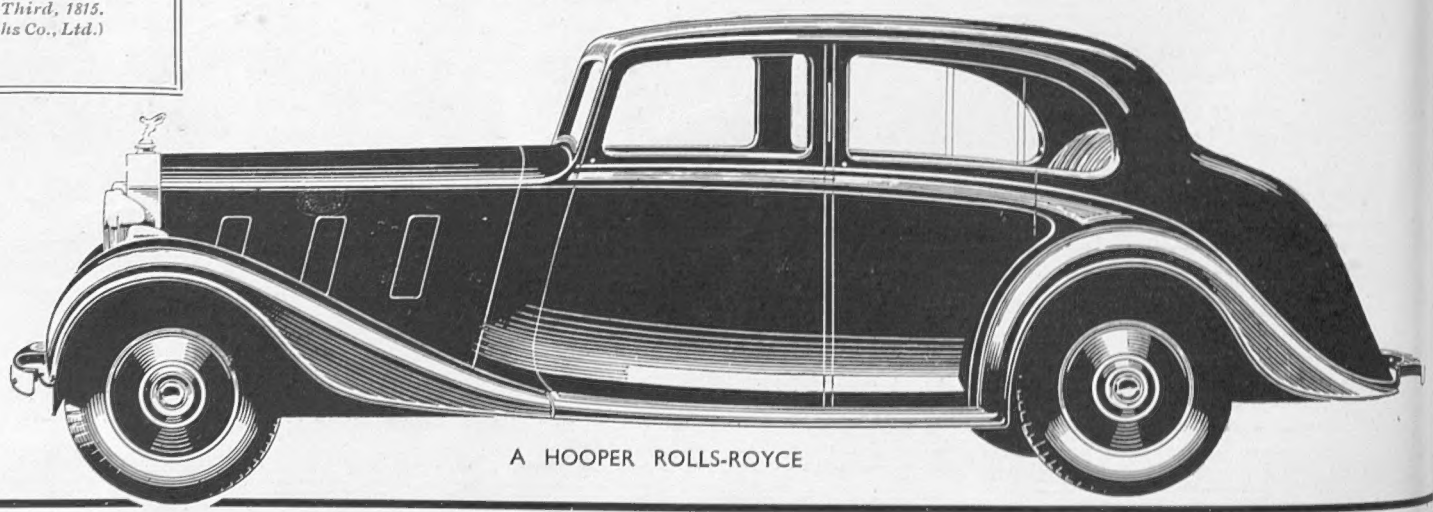

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 3, 1937

THE KING AND QUEEN MARY STAND SIDE BY SIDE AT HYDE PARK REVIEW

As 80,000 War Veterans March Past in the Mammoth Sunday Parade —Queen Elizabeth's Graceful Gesture

A gathering which, in the King's own words, "will always remain one of the most outstanding events of our Coronation year," took place last Sunday afternoon, when 80,000 ex-Service men and women paraded in Hyde Park, and then, amid tumultuous enthusiasm, marched past the Royal dais. It was, indeed, a day of days and, though the underlying note of sadness evoked by memories of twenty years back was not entirely absent, the atmosphere was essentially one of good fellowship and unity. The march-past, which took very nearly an hour-and-a-half, was most inspiring, and many who saw it will long remember the supremely graceful and understanding gesture of the Queen who, as the above picture shows, stepped aside so that Queen Mary—Britain's war-time Queen—should stand in the place of honour beside her son as section by section and division by division the veterans of 1914–18 filed by. British Legionaries, Frontiersmen, and members of a host of other associations, with their blue and gold standards waving proudly amid their ranks, swung along in seemingly endless procession, singing those completely un-warlike songs to which the British Expeditionary Force marched through over four years of conflict. There was a special cheer from the crowds for General Gough of the 5th Army and for Captain Sir Ian Fraser leading his party of 200 blind, who strode forward with arms linked and heads erect

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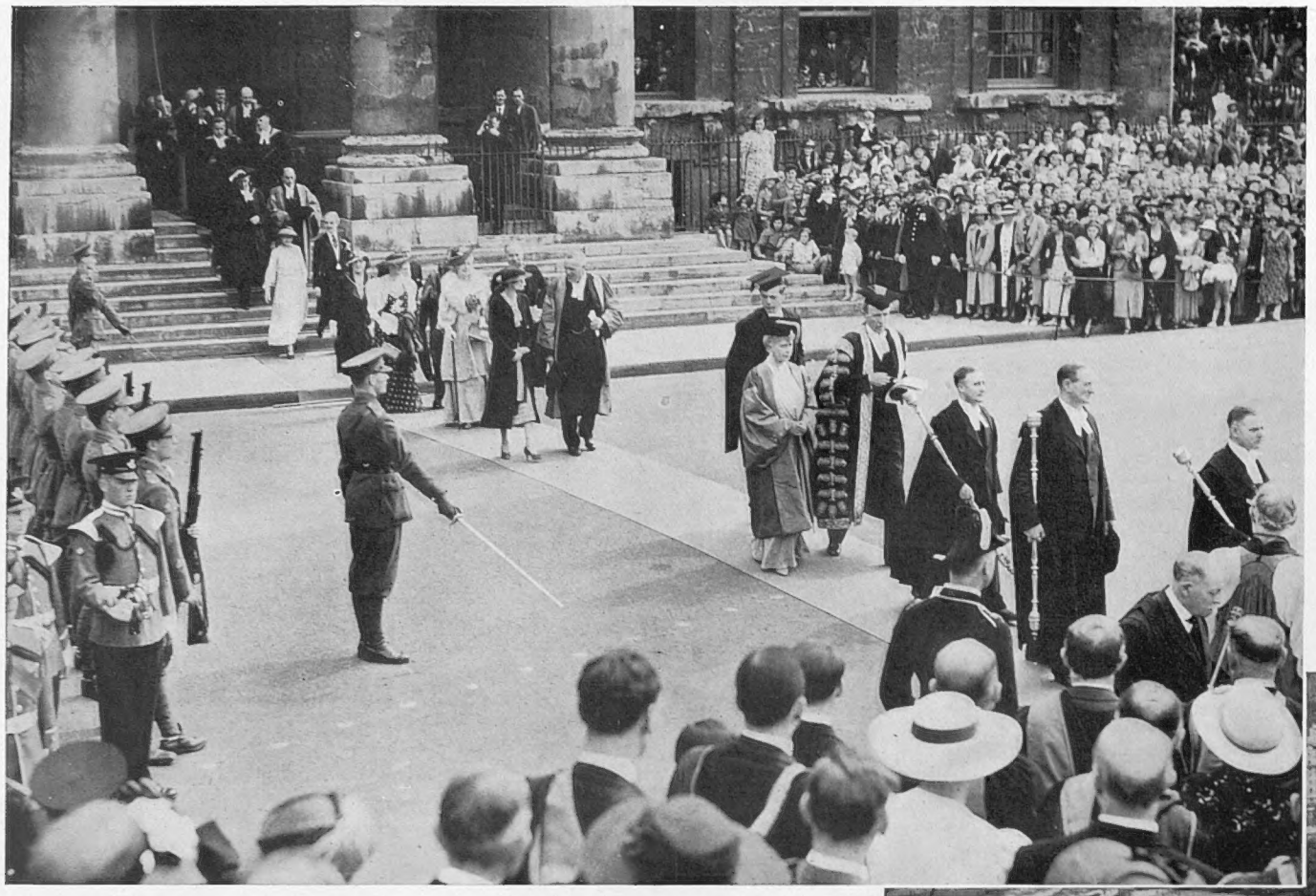
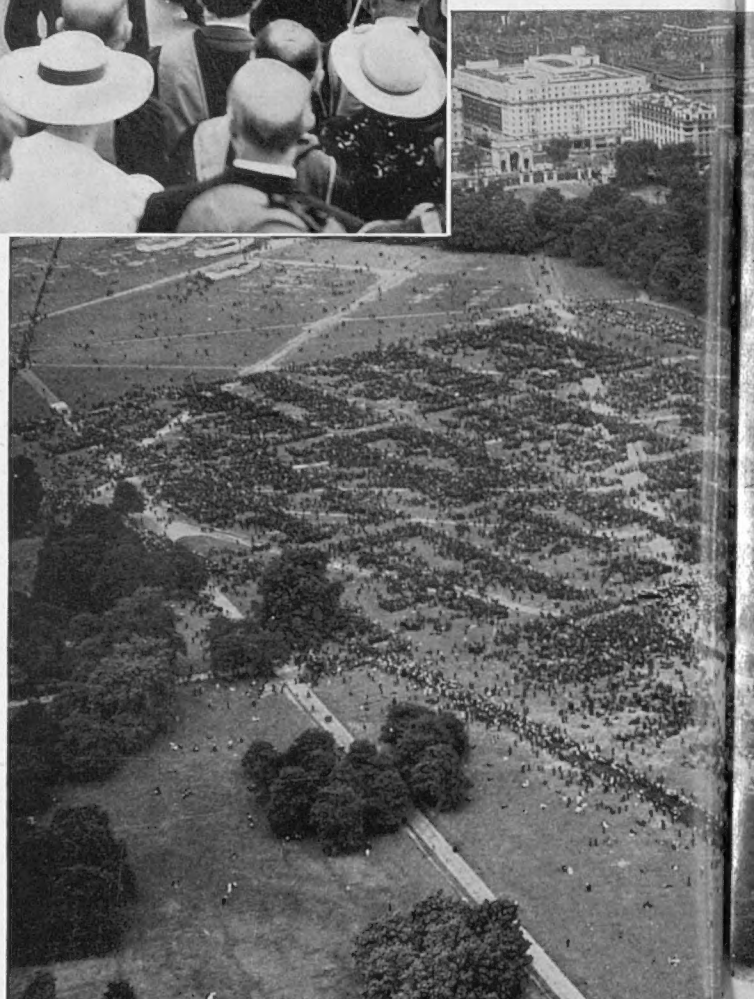


"AEDIFICII NOVI BODLEIANI HUNC PRIMUM LAPIDEM POSUIT MARIA REGINA REGIS GEORGII VI MATER DIE XXV MENS. IUN. A.D. MCMXXXVII": These words are inscribed on the foundation stone of the extension to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, which was laid last week by Queen Mary who had a most enthusiastic reception when she visited the University City and, as pictured here, walked in cap and gown through the streets to the site of the new building. Among those presented to Her Majesty was Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect of the extension. On the following day Queen Mary laid another foundation stone, that of the new Church House being built at Westminster



A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, June 30, 1937.

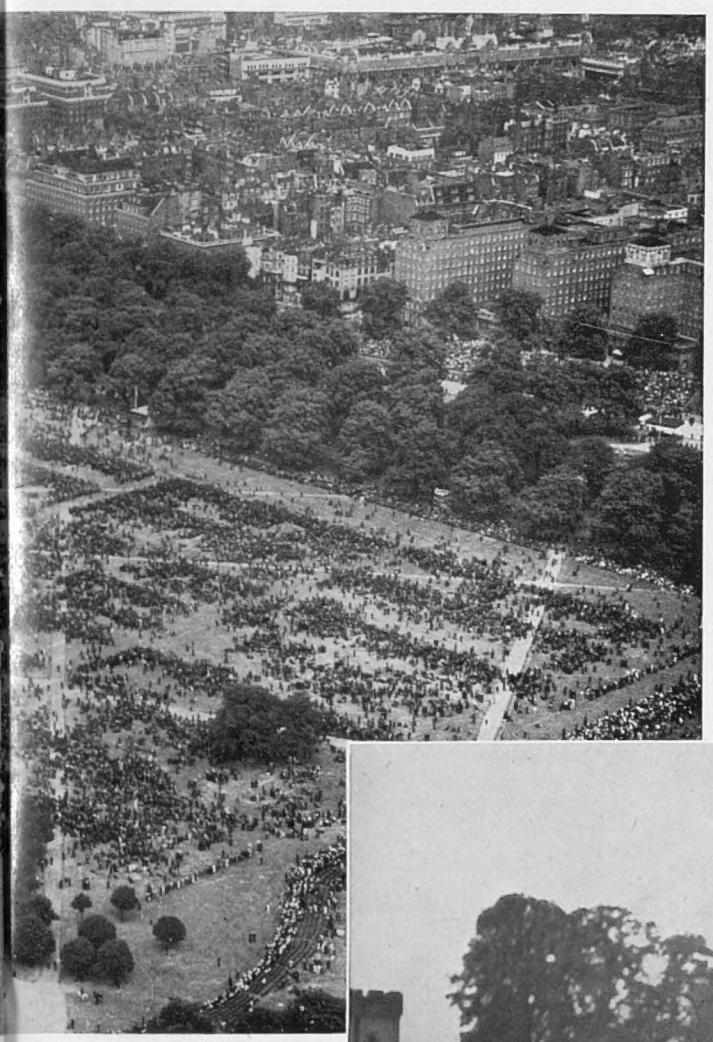
"LEIPZIG" INCIDENTS.—The *Leipzig* incidents and their results and implications of results were very disquieting. For two main reasons, as it seems to me. First. Here once more we have machinery broken down which was started up by Britain in her vague and general plan to grapple with the problems of European peace. For years past we have taken that initiative and that leading part. We have butted in because no one else seemed willing to shoulder the responsibility, and time and again the machinery we have planned and set in motion has proved all too soon quite unfit to overcome the first obstacle, the first piece of grit in the feed pipe. It looks splendid in the blue print but it seldom works in practice. So it has been with all our plans, pacts, and expedients under the broad principles and the authority of the League. So now it is with our control-scheme. We go in bald-headed, never taking thought for the certainty of encountering obstacles, never resolving to cut our machine to a simplicity and strength which might overcome likely obstacles and accomplish some small gain. It is not surprising if we have come to consider that Mr. Eden's efforts have been too often futile and have not redounded to the prestige of British statesmanship or diplomacy. That Mr. Eden's and the Government's motives are pure and ideals high no one questions. What we (and I think Dominion Premiers) have questioned is the judgment and appropriateness of British efforts to intervene.

IS HITLER SINCERE?—We have done it too often, we have done it at junctures highly unfavourable to success and we have failed time and again. We should be more slow henceforth to take the initiative, and when we do decide to do so, we should go for a smaller objective with machinery of sufficient strength to overcome the inevitable obstacles in the path to it. And secondly, Germany's attitude. If indeed the aim of Britain should be a more direct, individual attempt to approach nearer to Germany, as Mr. Kennedy (whose book is reviewed below) suggests, Germany's current actions are curiously discouraging to that attempt. The *Leipzig* incidents had not received what (under our judicial system) would be the prima facie examination by the police to ascertain whether there was a case to go before the magistrates (i.e., the first of three processes in the chain of judicial examination before a conviction could be obtained), when Germany, accepting as proved the guilt and responsibility of the Spanish Government, demanded of the four Powers joint action presupposing that guilt. No civilised nation could accept the *Leipzig* case as proved and Germany well knew it, and therefore must be held deliberately to have designed the break-up of the control scheme. It is impossible not to question the genuineness of Hitler's periodic assurances of his desire to co-operate in the restoration of European peace, nor to suspect a concurrent urge to make capital for Germany out of the weakness of neighbouring nations. The Non-intervention Committee hangs on, it is true. But another "incident" is very probable in such a dog fight as is afoot in Spain, and then anything may happen.

BRITAIN FACES GERMANY.—If you appreciate brevity and clarity in the tangled and troubled European puzzle, I advise you to get and read carefully Mr. Leo Kennedy's *Britain faces Germany*. Mr. Kennedy has as good opportunity as any I know to separate truth from falsehood, and competence from incompetence in statesmanship. He has taken infinite pains to get his facts and proofs and has soaked himself in his subject. As a result, his style is lucid. Not being a statesman or diplomat but an observer or critic, he has been able to see the wood whole, without the obstacle of individual trees. It is a doleful picture which he paints—a picture of prejudice and fear on the part of France, of wobble and evasion by Britain, of monumental mistakes by nearly all concerned in the attempt to resettle Europe and give a fair deal to Germany. The villains of the piece were Laval, Barthou, Henderson, MacDonald, and Simon. Mr. Kennedy flays them until we wonder if villain is not too strong a term to apply to their weaknesses. The hero, if any, is Austen Chamberlain and Locarno the one oasis in a desert of failure and blindness and incompetence. On the German side Stresemann and Brüning share what laurels are available. Mr. Kennedy believes now that a direct approach by Britain to Germany offers the last prospect of success. Collective diplomacy has utterly failed and must fail. The olive branch should be a strategic compensation to Germany of African territory in exchange for her return to the League, and the policy of the Peace Pact. He believes Hitler hides somewhere a "better nature" and thinks it just possible our "democracy" may still squeeze out a vital drop of courage and vision. Locarno is Mr. Kennedy's one bright spot on the tarnished shield of diplomacy. Its only weakness was its failure to cover the possibility of invasion by air—a curious proof of myopia, we think it today. Mr. Kennedy has some arresting "ifs." "If Stresemann had lived longer——." "If England had possessed one statesman with the force and frankness of an Allenby or a Snowden in 1931——." "If the fatal Treaty of Versailles could have been given the aspect of an agreed, and not a dictated, peace." Collective diplomacy is dead and buried. Is it too late for Mr. Kennedy's last hope? We find it the more difficult to decide because from day to day Hitler himself contradicts by his actions the assurances of his sincerity announced in words the day before.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.—Mr. Chamberlain's programme does not yet tend to impress one after his "shaky start." Why does it leave a nasty taste in one's mouth when one has absorbed the implications of the decision to increase Members' salaries by 50 per cent? Because it was not left to a free vote of the House; and quite clearly many Members felt ashamed and doubtful. And why not? We are in no boom times. The taxpayer and industry are crippled by taxation, and bad times lie ahead of us inevitably again. Does no the memory of 1920 inspi more misgivings and shame *Then*, when the cost of livin was far higher, and whe Members paid their own trav fares, an impartial and repr sentative Select Committe declared against any increas and Members clearly acqu esced. To-day, when the allowances mean infinite more, the House, by an ove whelming majority, has vote itself what at least one third the House does indeed rega as a handsome income *for career*. There are Membe with £30,000 a year and scor with over £5,000 a year. B there is no means test for th privileged, and how ma Members with over £5,000 year will neglect to cash in the pay-days? Ask the que tion in the House a year aft the increase becomes la Admittedly, there have be hard cases which could ha been alleviated by a benevole fund after private scrutiny a committee of all parties.

BOILING OVER.—We have forgotten the slump and our short conversion to simplicity of life and economy. We are Gadarenes once more, heading for the cliff edge and spending money like water. Lord Baldwin staged his retirement shrewdly. Mr. Chamberlain takes the responsibility for it and it leaves a nasty taste in my mouth. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* We are to breed a race of professional politicians and have the object lesson of France before our eyes. I am deeply disappointed in Mr. Chamberlain. Do I allow myself to boil over on this subject? I think so. £600 a year is a Cabinet Minister's salary in half the countries of Europe. In Austria the lower classes put up to auction the food we put in the pig tub. Ever since King George's Jubilee we have engaged in a non-stop and maddening orgy of self-praise, self-congratulation, self-complacency. We are unique, the one solid rock; we have unity, honesty, a bank balance, purpose, guts. We are It. Now we want to flaunt our bank book in the face of a struggling, sad world and let 'em gape at our guineas. Small wonder if even our warmest friends abroad wonder if we are morally deteriorating under our good fortune.



HTY-THOUSAND WAR VETERANS IN HYDE PARK: An aerial view of the enormous throng that gathered in the open space near the Marble Arch entrance last Sunday for the King's review. The re-union was truly astonishing in its magnitude, which can best be appreciated when it is realised that it took the best part of an hour-and-a-half for all on parade to march in column, twenty abreast, past the Royal saluting base, where His Majesty stood with the Queen, Queen Mary, and several other Members of the Royal Family

WIMBLEDON.—The firmament has changed its face at Wimbledon. There are no fixed stars except on the old charts. It is a constant struggle for survival for star players while they remain on the active list. Only the dead retain their reputations, or the retired (or perhaps those who abandon the "amateur" status). I was glad to read in the Press a reminder that this year's successful meeting was Wimbledon's diamond jubilee. The *Sunday Times* had this paragraph:—"In 1875, lawn tennis had appeared. It was a diffident guest at Wimbledon, but quickly got confidence. In 1877 the name of the club, from which it soon ousted croquet altogether, became the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club, and the lawn tennis championship was instituted. That championship, first played in July, 1877, was won by the twenty-seven year old Spencer Gore, one of a famous Harrovian family and brother of Bishop Gore and Sir Francis Gore. He is credited with being the originator of the volley in lawn tennis. Spencer Gore was widely known as Surveyor to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners". The paragraph interested me because Spencer Gore was my uncle and he was born, as I was, in an old house on Wimbledon Common where his father lived and which still stands with most of its extensive sylvan charms intact. Still, I think, I could shoot a partridge there as sometimes I did thirty-five years ago. Spencer Gore was a great games player and he was the father of the great painter who bore his name, and I have no doubt that my uncle may claim (as is said) to have invented the volley. The racquet he played with in 1877 was little different from the real tennis racquet of to-day.

NANGA PARBAT.—The old Earth, like the Basques, yields her last strongholds stubbornly. Perhaps, being older and wiser than men, she knows that when there are no secrets left unsolved and no new heights to conquer, the race she carries on her surface will sink back to apathy. Everest holds out. Nanga Parbat holds out. England has been beaten by Everest; Germany mainly has been responsible for the attacks on Nanga Parbat. Five times she has tried and the attempts have been epics and tragedies. It is the highest mountain in our Empire, 26,600 ft., and the track upwards is whiter for the bones of earlier pioneers, of whom the first — Mummery — was British. He died on the mountain in 1895. In 1934, three Europeans and six porters lost their lives on it, and now seven Europeans and nine porters, most of them well acquainted with the conditions, have been wiped out by some cause still unknown, for neither ice nor snow avalanche can fully account for the magnitude of the disaster in the opinion of one of two survivors of the expedition, Dr. Luft. Is that the end of trying? Oh no! Everest will be attacked again and as surely Nanga Parbat; as surely as the race of men will not rest until it has perfected the air ship and left nothing at all to the kingdom of speculation and guess-work. And I suppose that, lacking this unconquerable spirit in a tiny percentage of our race, the bulk of us would atrophy and hardly retain enough courage to cut wood, or cook food to eat, or shave our beards, or continue the struggle for existence.

MERCHANT NAVY WEEK.—A promise is a promise and I promised not to forget to remind THE SPHERE public of Merchant Navy Week—which indeed needed no such stimulus. The venue is Southampton, the dates July 17–24. In the cargo sheds of the new docks will be on view a complete record of the merchant navy's work—by which we live and have our being. There will be working models, scenic displays, films, pictures, demonstrations, lectures. The *Queen Mary* and her little sisters will be open to view. Floodlighting and fireworks will round off the day.

FASCIST—COMMUNIST.—Sir Samuel failed to please Sir Oswald when he made unlawful the proposed Fascist march through Jewry of July 4. A ban on such marches is imposed until the close season for demonstrations comes with the holidays. Sir Oswald declared that Sir Samuel's decision practically promised Government backing to all who by rioting seek to stamp out Fascism. But the "other side" was no more enthusiastic. The Communists were shocked to find that their superior processions were vulgarly lumped with Fascist rabblery, and of course declared that the ban was an interference with the rights and liberty of the subject, or such of them as are enjoyed by Labour, Trades Union, and Co-operative sections of society. Sir Samuel was unjustly used. Sir Oswald's braves may and will demonstrate elsewhere. London is large and they were free to choose another route, one on which riot history has not yet been made. And Sir Samuel was very impartial. He banned every procession from Jewry except the Salvation Army's. As for the liberty of the subject, I think, though we all mouth about it, it is moonshine. There's not much liberty of the subject for instance about buying, owning, and driving a £50 car. Of what liberty there be, the Fascists and Communists, yes, and the Trades Unions and Co-operatives, surely to goodness, get their fair share!

MERCHANT TAYLORS RECORD.—Each St. Barnabas Day the Court of the Merchant Taylors Company elects to scholarships at

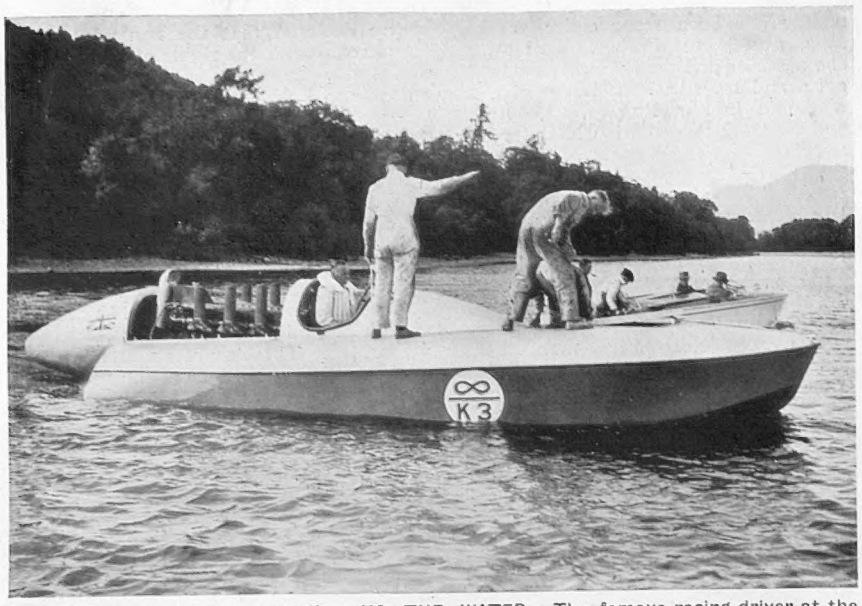
1887–1937: Mr. Justice Hawke (*left*) and Mr. Justice Clauson (*right*), two distinguished judges who fifty years ago were elected to scholarships by the Merchant Taylors Company

St. John's College, Oxford, boys educated in the Merchant Taylors School. In the evening a banquet is held at the Company's Hall to which scholars and other guests are invited. St. Barnabas Day just past was the fiftieth anniversary of the election of four distinguished scholars of Merchant Taylors School who were guests at the banquet held in 1887, and were guests again at the 1937 banquet. They were: Mr. Justice Clauson, Mr. Justice Hawke, Mr. H. R. C. Hailey, C.I.E., C.B.E. (late India Civil Service), Mr. J. G. Covernton, C.I.E. (Officer in the India Education Service). Lord Hailey, the brother of Mr. H. R. C. Hailey, was also educated at the Merchant Taylors School. It is a fine record for school and old scholars alike.

THE OLD STAGER.

CARDIFF PREPARES FOR 1938: Druids and Bards, in their robes of white, green, and blue, crowding round the Logan Stone during the Sword of Peace ceremony held in the Gorsedd Circle in the grounds of Cardiff Castle last week, when Cardiff's National Eisteddfod of 1938 was proclaimed a year in advance with full Gorsedd ritual and the people were duly summoned to the festival. At the close of the incident depicted here, the Archdruid thrust the sword back into its scabbard as a symbol of the everlasting peace of the bardic community. Thousands of people from all parts of Wales assembled for the occasion

PASSING PAGEANT: A



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL TAKES TO THE WATER: The famous racing driver at the wheel of *Bluebird*, which was launched on Loch Lomond a few days ago preparatory to an attempt being made on the world's speed-boat record. Some 36,000 ping-pong balls, tied up in bags, give buoyancy to the forward end of the boat

THE RUSSIANS ON THE WORLD'S ROOF: The main tent set up by the Soviet scientists who flew recently to within 12 miles of the North Pole and established a base on a drifting ice floe with the intention of remaining there a year to carry out researches essential in the organisation of a Moscow to San Francisco air route

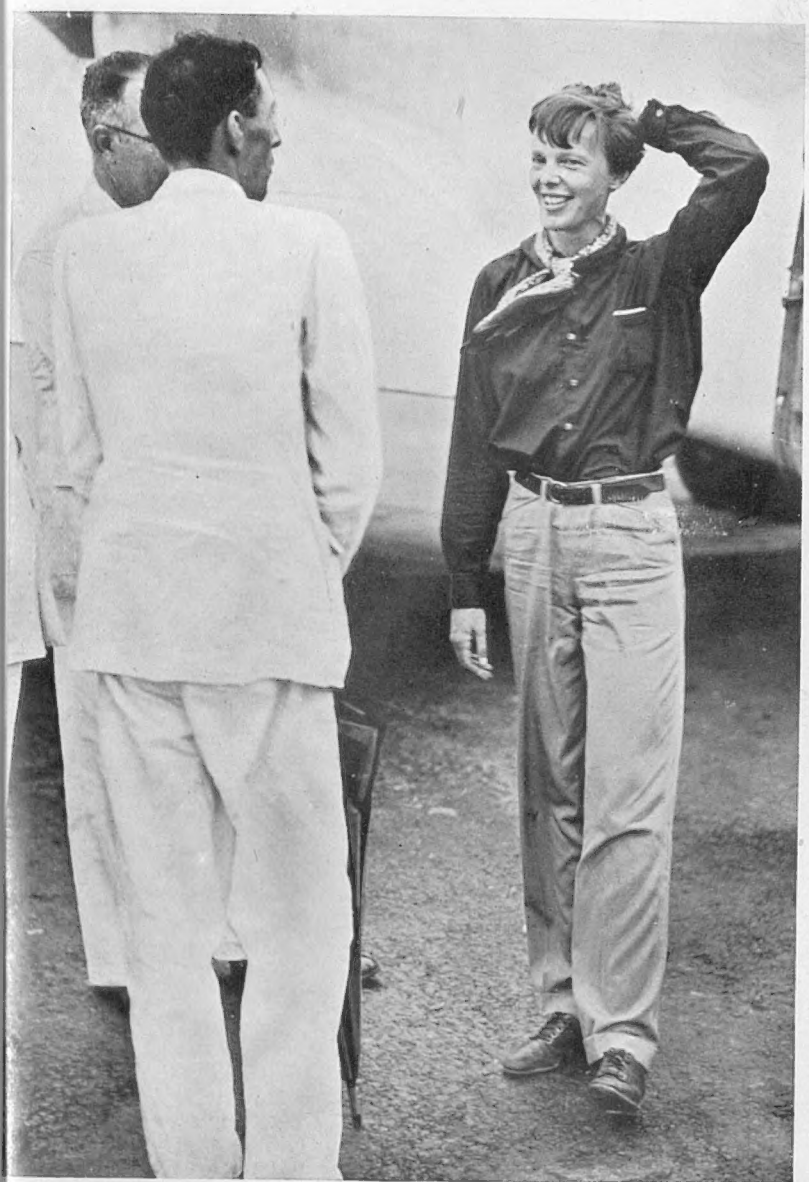
THE "LEIPZIG" CENTRES IN AN INTERNATIONAL CRISIS: A new picture of the German warship which is alleged to have been involved in a torpedo attack by a Spanish Government submarine and, as a result of which, Germany made a request to the other three naval patrol Powers—Britain, France, and Italy—for joint action

STREET RIOTING IN BRUSSELS: Firemen on duty with hoses by means of which they kept at bay the ex-servicemen demonstrators who gathered in the streets of the Belgian capital to protest against the Government's proposal to grant an amnesty to certain Belgians who have been in prison ever since the war when they lent support to the German army of occupation. Extraordinary scenes were witnessed as railings were levelled to the ground and men lay down on the pavements in front of the Royal Palace, refusing to move until a deputation was received in audience by the King

THE HIGHEST SPEED EVER ATTAINED ON A BRITISH RAILWAY was recorded last Tuesday by the *Coronation Scot*, the blue and silver L.M.S. express especially designed for the new 6½-hour London-Glasgow service, which on its first trial run between Euston and Crewe reached a maximum of 114 m.p.h., exactly 1 m.p.h. faster than the British record set up by the L.N.E.R.'s *Silver Jubilee* and only 5 m.p.h. short of the world record established in Germany a short while back

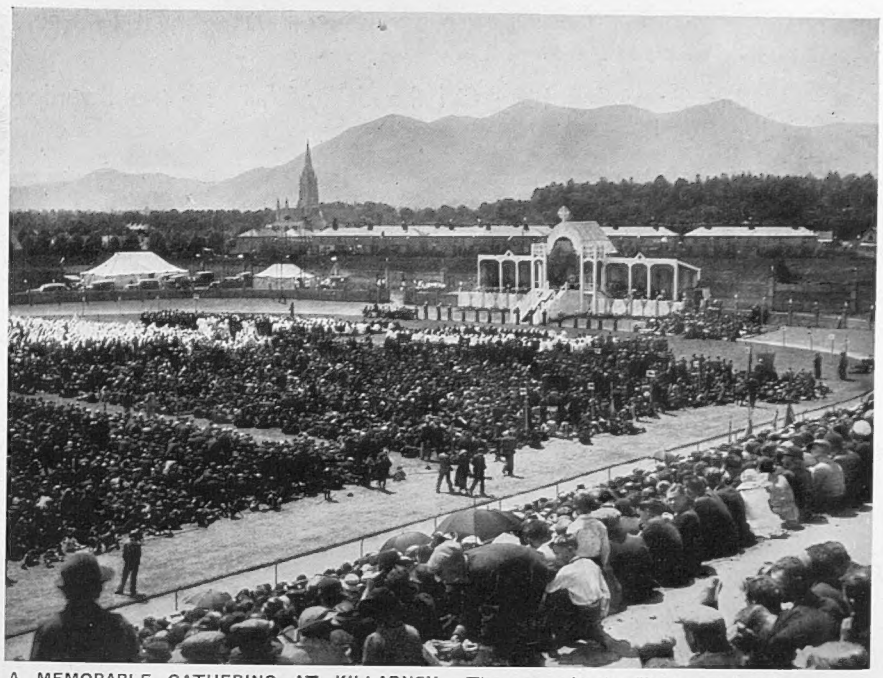
THE NEW FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY AT CHATHAM: Mr. Duff-Cooper, who was recently promoted to this post from the War Ministry, leaving H.M.S. *Sussex* during his informal inspection of the dockyard. The *Sussex* has just been re-commissioned and is shortly returning to service with the 1st Cruiser Squadron in the Mediterranean where she will be engaged in non-intervention patrol duty

Pictorial Record of Current Events



LADY LINDY KEEPS GOING: Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, the American airwoman who is flying around the world by easy stages, smiling a greeting on arrival at Calcutta following a non-stop flight from Karachi. Up to the time of writing her progress has been steady and comparatively uneventful, and on June 28 she was reported to have crossed the Timor Sea, landing in safety in Australian territory at Darwin. The last stage of her trip is across the Pacific

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE TATE GALLERY: The King and Queen walking through the new sculpture hall after it had been officially opened by His Majesty last Tuesday. This extension to the famous gallery has been made possible through the generosity of Lord Duveen of Millbank, the art connoisseur, from whose munificence Britain's collections have benefited so largely of late years



A MEMORABLE GATHERING AT KILLARNEY: The scene in the Fitzgerald Stadium during the last day of the Catholic Truth Society's Conference and Eucharistic Congress which brought 50,000 people to the place from every corner of the Irish Free State and Ulster. The Nuncio Apostolic (the Most Rev. Dr. Paschal Robinson), one archbishop, several bishops, and hundreds of priests took part in the Pontifical High Mass and Procession

BARRIE LAID TO REST WITH HIS AIN FOLK: The funeral procession passing through the winding streets of Kirriemuir to the little cemetery "up the hill," where the remains of the great playwright were buried in a flower-lined grave. There was no dramatisation of grief as the townspeople paid their last respects, but on every face there was evidence of the very great respect and affection in which Barrie was held

THE CHIEF MOURNERS: Mr. A. O. Barrie (grand-nephew), Miss I. L. K. Barrie, Mrs. Philip (niece), and Mr. Barrie Smart (grand-nephew) walking in the funeral procession of Sir James Barrie at Kirriemuir. The service was attended by many notabilities including Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Harry Lauder, Dr. Paul Czinner, and Major-General Freyberg, V.C.

On right — BARRIE'S ADOPTED SONS: Mr. Peter Davies (who is held to be the original of Peter Pan) and Mr. Nicholas Davies attended the Kirriemuir funeral, taking part with their wives in the procession from the church to the cemetery

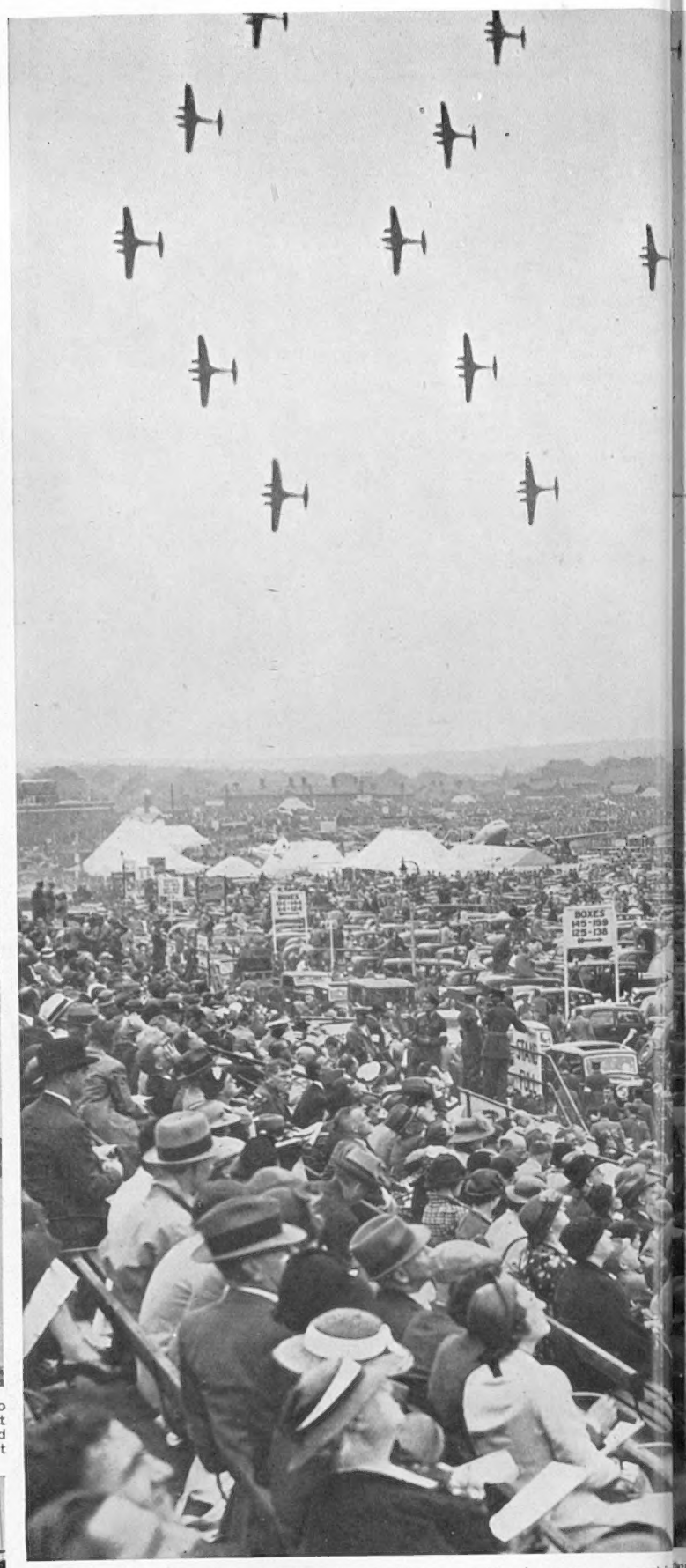
The R.A.F.'s HENDON "AT HOME"

"Big Game" Fishing Off the Scilly Isles : The Swanley Junction Disaster : Quarrymen Hold Their Annual Contest

PREPARING FOR THE FRAY: Mrs. O. B. Deiter and Mrs. D. Barker overhauling their harpoons on board the 80 ft. yacht *Terminist* in which they are now engaged in a shark-hunting expedition off the Scilly Isles and other parts of the West Coast in company with Dr. O. B. Deiter, a West End osteopath. Their main idea is to explore the full possibilities of big-game fishing round the British Isles, a sport that at the present moment has nothing like the following over here that it has in the United States

A MONSTER BROUGHT TO BOOK: Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Deiter helping to make fast to their launch the first shark captured during the shark-hunting cruise of the yacht *Terminist*. This particular specimen weighed 1,120 lb., was 11 ft. 6 ins. long, and towed the little dinghy from which it was harpooned for miles before its strength gave out

END OF THE FIRST ROUND: Dr. and Mrs. Deiter hauling their initial catch aboard their yacht *Terminist*. In the distance can be glimpsed some of the low islands of the Scilly group

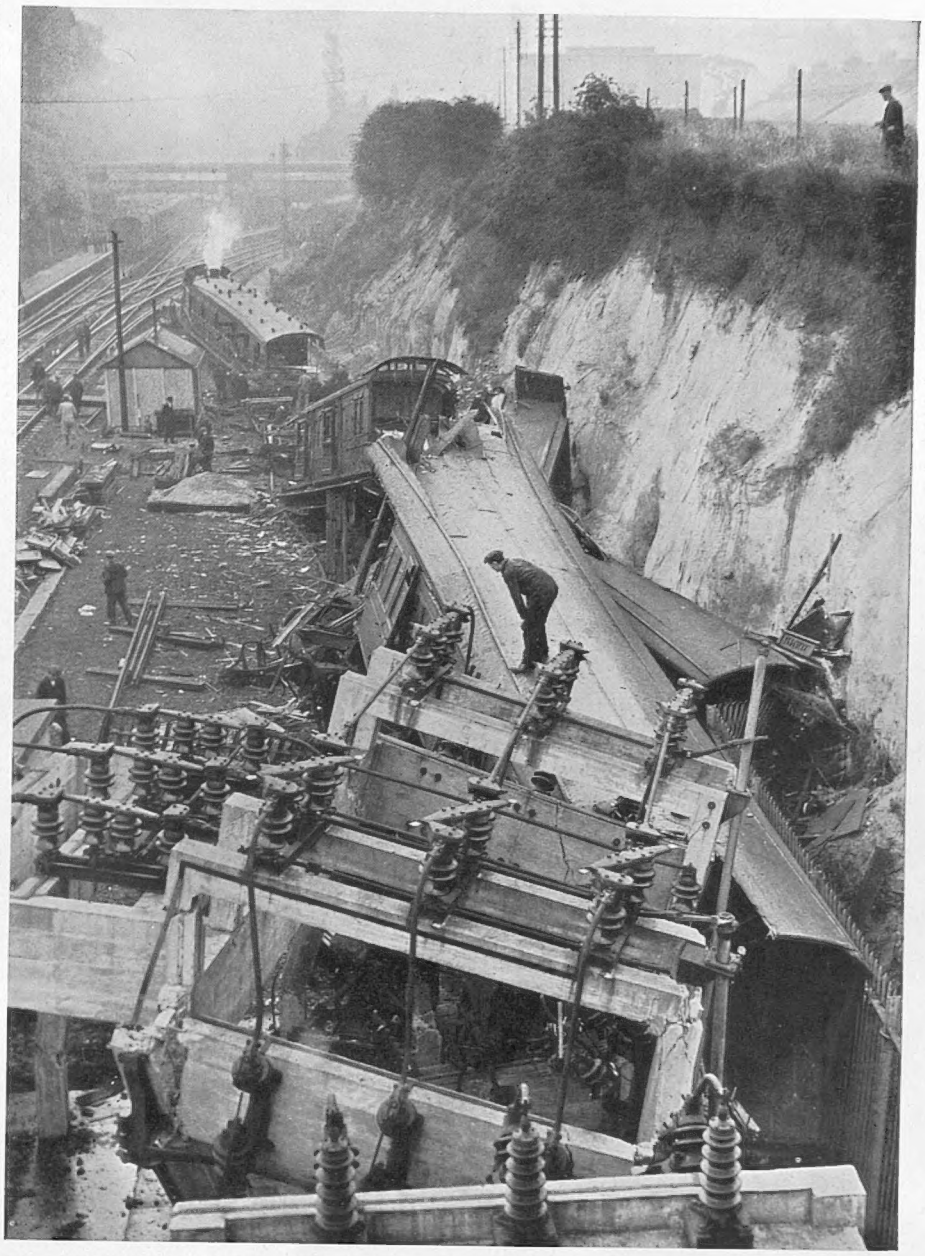


180,000 HEADS CRANED SKYWARDS: A glimpse of the immense assembly the Eighth Royal Air Force Display at Hendon last Saturday, when a re crowd—the attendance figures being 20,000 more than the previous bes 1933—saw a series of magnificent exhibitions culminating in the fly of no fewer than 250 machines at the same time, a feat that dema

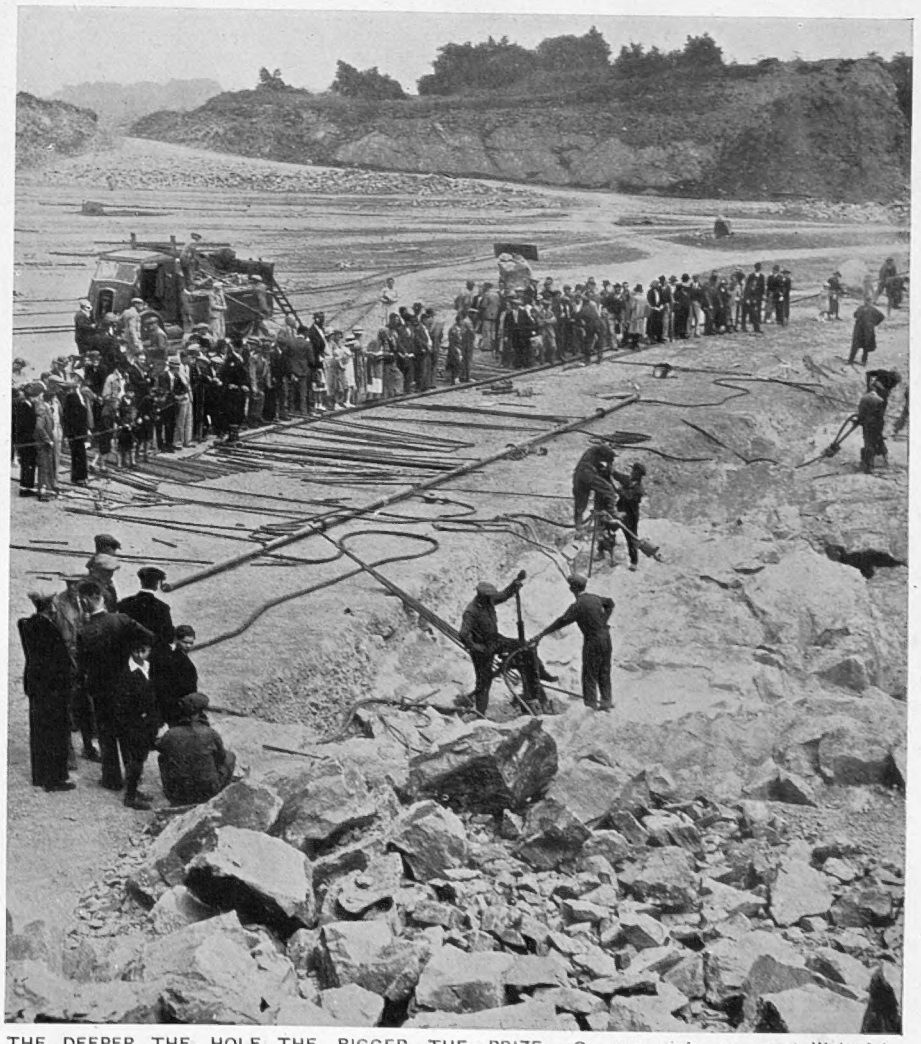
VINTAGE 1914–1918: This Sopwith tri-plane, a veritable old crock, took part fly-past of veteran war-time machines which was among the many inter items on the programme at last Saturday's Hendon Air Display. The war course, a great period of development aeronautically and at its finish the in use were an astonishing improvement over those employed at the be

rganisation of the very first order. The King and Queen were both present, while he Duke and Duchess of Kent flew to the aerodrome in a civil machine. By he day's performance the service certainly heightened its reputation for rganising big undertakings with precision and for entertaining at the same time ts instructing those who look to it periodically for a day of special interest

MODERN SPEED MERCHANT: An Airspeed "Oxford" twin-engined trainer aircraft, one of the very latest types of R.A.F. machine on view at the Air Display. The retractable undercarriage, the circular machine gun turret in the centre of the fuselage, and the all-glass cockpit, giving the pilot an almost uninterrupted view in three directions, are notable features of the design



THE KENT RAIL SMASH: The wreckage on the line at Swanley Junction after the 9.30 p.m. from Ashford to Victoria had crashed into a siding last Sunday night and thrown two empty coaches standing there against an electric transformer which supplies current to the line. Four people were killed, two being girls who had been on visits to their fiancés



THE DEEPER THE HOLE THE BIGGER THE PRIZE: Quarrymen in action at Whitwick, Leicestershire, where before a fair sprinkling of spectators they took part in teams of two in the annual inter-quarry contest, the purpose of which is to see who can drill the deepest hole in a section of rock in the space of half an hour. 14 ft. 2½ ins. is the record for these competitions so far, but it takes a good pair and plenty of luck to do as well as that

THE GROWING MYSTERY OF BILBAO: Children out for a walk with the nuns in the Basque capital on the day following Franco's occupation. Everything in the city is now running on normal lines and few of the many pictures that have come into "The Sphere" office evidence the havoc we were led to believe had taken place there

WIMBLEDON DRAMA

Some Real Surprises in the Closing Rounds of the Women's Singles

WIMBLEDON, the clearing house for the world's leading amateur lawn tennis players, quietly sauntered through the first week of its programme. No surprise victories and thus no unexpected defeats disturbed its peaceful and garden-party atmosphere. Not until seven days had passed did anything really happen and then

HENKEL'S CONQUEROR: F. A. Parker, one of the seeded players from the U.S., who accounted for the German second string last Monday and in doing so furthered his chances of selection for the U.S. Davis Cup team

—the first and second favourites for the women's crown, Fru Hilda Sperling (Denmark) and Señorita Anita Lizana (Chile), and the holder, Miss Helen Jacobs, fell on the doorstep to the semi-final. That made news.

The crowd on the opening day was the biggest ever and the numbers increased as the event progressed. The absence of past heroes such as Fred Perry, Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody, and others made no difference to the gates. It is obvious that the Wimbledon spectators care nothing for the past—the present and speculation as to the future are their interest.

An unceasing body of humanity wanders from court to court and seems equally entranced with the stars of the Centre and premier courts and the so-called "rabbits" of Court No. 16. Little bunches of them congregate round the referee's room and gaze open-mouthed at the electric score boards, trying to imagine what Budge is doing to some unfortunate opponent on the Centre or Court No. 1—imagining—for they only see the score point by point.

Every sport has its big festival, racing at Ascot, rowing at Henley, cricket, the Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, but of them all Wimbledon is the most democratic and, perhaps, in its way the most glamorous. Nobody worries who his or her neighbour may be. One old gentleman, watching Von Cramm (Germany) play Jiro Yamagishi (Japan) on the Centre Court was heard to ask his neighbour, an aged woman, what the score was. She looked at the score board and said, almost in a whisper, "Austin leading two-love." He thanked her and went on watching quite happily, completely oblivious of the names of the contestants.

Prize remarks are often heard at Wimbledon, for most of the spectators are absolutely ignorant of lawn tennis matters. One young and rather haughty man was asked, while watching Budge play, if he had seen any good tennis before. "Well," he said, "I've watched the finals of my club competition, but this does seem a bit different."

Before Wimbledon began one might have said, "If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now," for Britain was without really strong challengers for the titles, though four are held by home players at the moment of writing, and British players have not been distinguishing themselves lately.

However, when the last four of the two singles events were completed our own H. W. "Bunny" Austin and Miss Dorothy Round, our No. 1 man and woman respectively, stood among the elect. Both had done well. Austin, sharpening his strokes as the rounds went by, had survived the first round agony of being within a few aces of being himself two sets to love down to G. Lyttleton Rogers (Ireland). Later he was hunted by the unorthodox Jack Bromwich (Australia) for four sets, but crowned his successes by beating the American, Bryan Grant, in three sets. Bromwich is, by the way, like V. B. McGrath (Australia) except that his double-handed backhand is where McGrath's forehand is and he plays a left-handed forehand. The chief difference is that Bromwich serves right handed though he is a left-hander.

Miss Round went from strength to strength, beating the Countess de la Valdene (formerly Señorita Lili d'Alvarez) easily and then felling the holder, Miss Jacobs, conclusively but not quite so easily. When Miss Round is playing well she is delightful to watch, her stroke production is copybook but she is an uneven player lacking consistency.

Miss Round's victory was unexpected, but Fru Sperling's defeat by the Californian Miss Alice Marble was, by most people, unthought of. Previous to Wimbledon, Miss Marble had unsuccessfully contested four finals at tournaments. She nearly failed against Miss Mary Hardwick in the first round at Wimbledon, but the atmosphere of the Centre Court spurred her on against the Dane, and she proved herself the finest living woman volleyer.

Nor was the defeat of Señorita Lizana much less of a surprise. In the second round she showed herself to be not at her very best. She lost a very quick set to Miss M. E. Lumb, the squash rackets champion, who is endowed with a quick eye and feet. It was ominous. She had beaten Madame R. Mathieu (France) a few weeks back. But the Frenchwoman knew too much. She had, finding herself drawn near the Chilian, probably worked out her tactics while Señorita Lizana thought herself secure.

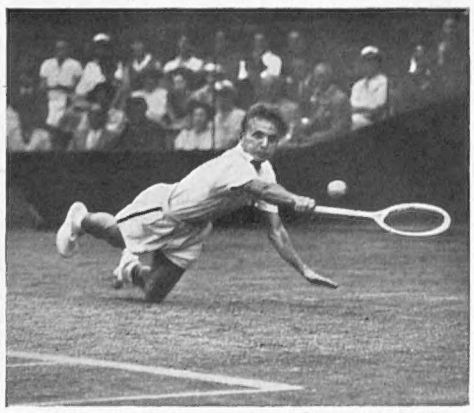
There has been much betting on this Wimbledon and how the bookmakers must have laughed when the favourites went. However, they shortened the price about Mlle Jedrzejowska (Poland) from 6 to 1 to evens in a flash and the Polish champion became a hot favourite. She has been on the verge of great things for quite a time.

Donald Budge seems to be in such amazing form that his establishment as favourite was an automatic one.

When one says that the first week was devoid of the untoward one is not strictly correct for Jack Crawford (Australia) upset the seeding on the very first day. He beat R. Menzel (Czechoslovakia) but most of the critics thought he would. He went on to take Von Cramm to five sets when he was supposed to be unwell. He certainly ran harder than he does when supposedly well.

Hailed as a possible Davis Cup player, twenty-year-old Eric Filby disappeared on the first day being beaten by L. Hecht (Czechoslovakia). This just about showed Filby's form in good class and not English tournament class. However Charles Hare, another possible, brought himself within sight of the honour by taking H. Henkel (Germany) who conquered Austin in Paris and is in world class, to five sets.

MISS MARBLE'S TRIUMPH: The United States champion in play at Wimbledon where on Tuesday she beat consistent Mrs. Sperling in a terrific three-set duel. The power of Miss Marble's volleying was a revelation



THE GREAT RETRIEVER: "Bitsy" Grant, the untiring little American player, falling full length as he attempted to return a drive by Austin in their fifth round match. The Englishman won in three straight sets

POISE =
ON WIMBLEDON'S LAWNS

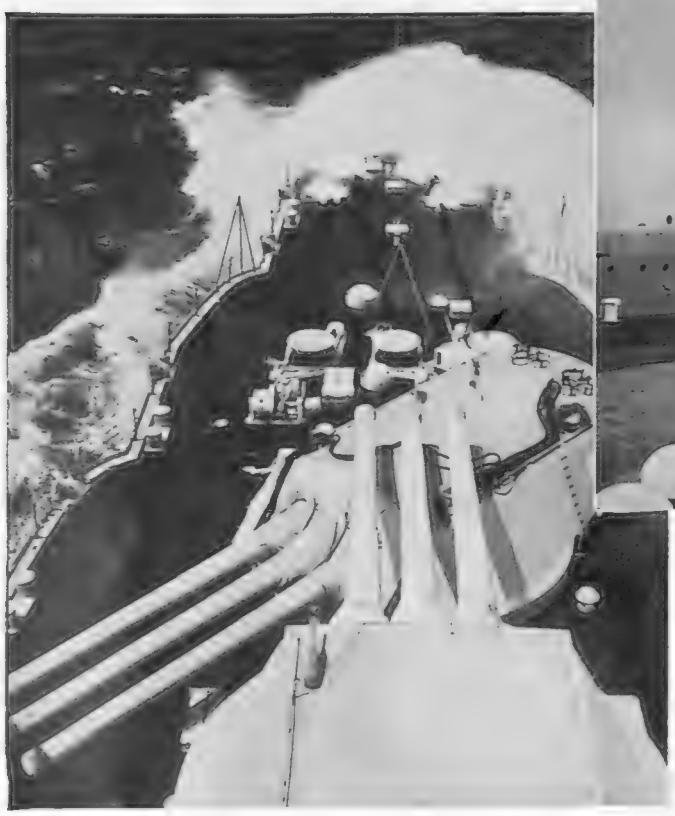
RHYTHM IN EVERY LINE: There is no more graceful player in lawn tennis than Miss Helen Jacobs whose classic stroke production, wonderful sense of timing, and superb positioning, the outcome of seasons of concentration combined with a natural aptitude for the game, are an infinite delight to the eye. In the left-hand picture she is seen poised on tip-toe when angling a short return, a favourite and formidable stroke of hers and above she is pictured in action at the baseline. Like Tilden and Miss Ryan she understands the advantages of the chop when used with discretion, having disconcerted many a doughty opponent with it

SCULPTORS PLEASE NOTE: Miss Hardwick, who fell to Miss Marble, the American champion, after a thrilling duel early on in this year's Wimbledon, is a wonderfully graceful player, as witness this picture of her flying across the court to make a retrieving shot on her backhand. With her style she has every opportunity of gaining the highest honours

MISS LUMB VOLLEYS: Another striking action picture of a player who has graduated to lawn tennis via the squash racquets court and whose wristy shots, the hall-mark of a squash player, served her in good stead at Wimbledon. Last week she was just beaten by Miss Lizana

NAVAL NEWS

AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN GERMAN WATERS: The three veteran 27,000-ton battleships, *New York*, *Wyoming*, and *Arkansas*, all of which were laid down before the war, lying at anchor in Kiel harbour where they have recently been paying a visit of several days, and their crews have been entertained on a handsome scale. The *Wyoming* is now classed as a de-militarised ship



"UNCLE SAM" IN THE PACIFIC: Looking along the stern of the 33,000-ton U.S. battleship *Pennsylvania* ploughing through surging seas when leading the battle line in summer manœuvres off Hawaii. The *Pennsylvania* is a veteran, having been laid down in 1913

GERMANY MOURNS HER DEAD: Naval officers and men drawn up on the quayside at Wilhelmshaven as the pocket-battleship, *Deutschland*, returned from Mediterranean waters and the bodies were brought ashore of the thirty-one sailors who lost their lives as a result of the bomb attack from the air at Iviza. They were then laid to rest at the naval cemetery The pictures received show no external damage to the battleship

AMBULANCE AFLOAT: This new naval hospital launch, with berths for eight stretcher cases, has recently been completed and handed over to the Admiralty at Cowes. The craft is 45 ft. in length and is powered with two six-cylinder Parsons petrol engines

On Right—OUR NEW TORPEDO BOATS LEAVE FOR MALTA: An aerial impression of the first flotilla of these speedy craft as it left Portsmouth for trials in conjunction with the Mediterranean Fleet. The boats were seen a short while ago by Londoners when they accompanied the King and Queen by river to Greenwich

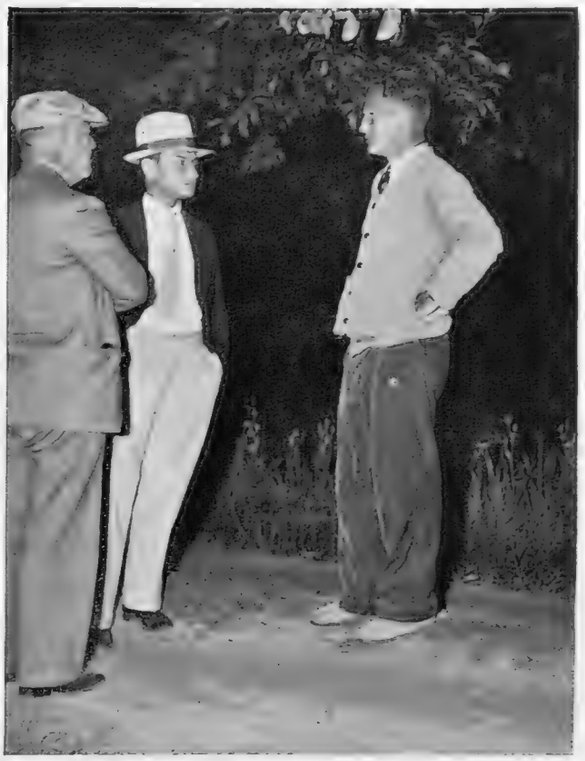
ALL ABROAD

How the Camera Viewed the Total Eclipse : The Franz Hals Exhibition

PHOTOGRAPHIC CURIOSITY: This unusual picture, one of a series made by the Hayden Planetarium-Grace Eclipse Expedition, is one of the occasional freaks that occur in photography. It was made looking nearly directly west over the left wing of an airplane near the coast of Peru at an elevation of 25,000 ft. a second or two before totality of the solar eclipse of June 8. Although only a point of direct sunlight was still visible, this was sufficient to enter the camera lens and cause the central spot of light which appears in the print to be the complete disc of the sun and to form also (through reflection between several surfaces of the camera lens) a series of rings

A DUTCH CITY HONOURS ITS GREATEST CITIZEN: One of the pictures by Franz Hals arriving at Haarlem for the commemorative exhibition of the master's work which is now being held there and to which galleries and private owners from all parts of the world are sending canvases valued at 5,000,000 guilders. Holland, however, owns the great majority of these masterpieces

ON THE BERLIN-ROME AXIS: Hosts of arms raised in salute as an Italian Fascist band began an open-air concert on the Unter den Linden during its recent visit to the German capital. The band consists of over two hundred players and has been enthusiastically received wherever it has gone



KIDNAPPERS IN ACTION AGAIN: Mr. William Parsons (right), of Stony Brook, Long Island, talking with reporters after it had become known that his heiress wife was being held to ransom for a large sum. Mr. Parsons refused to make any disclosures presumably on account of negotiations pending with the kidnappers

BAKERS STRIKE IN AMIENS: Soldiers unloading a van while helping with the task of providing the people with bread following the stoppage in this key industry. New strikes in the French provinces are almost daily occurrences just now

CORPUS CHRISTI IN POLAND: A peasant girl of Lowicz in the festal attire she wears on such ecclesiastical red-letter days

RETURN TO NORMALITY: A busy scene in Bilbao's Gran Via on the day following Franco's occupation of the city which, judging from this and other pictures on these pages, does not show the signs of wear and tear one might be led to expect. Most of the public buildings, indeed, seem to have escaped damage, while in certain cases where there has been destruction it has been attributable to the dynamiting by the retreating Asturian reds

General Franco undoubtedly had a desperately hard fight to capture Bilbao, losing hosts of lives and spending vast sums in process of doing so, but it is clear from the accompanying pictures that the city itself has suffered infinitely less damage than some reports have indicated and it seems likely that much of the damage that was done was the work of the retreating Asturian Anarchists whose partiality for incendiarism has been demonstrated time and time again in the present campaign. This latter point is substantiated by Cecil Gerahty, a journalist lately returned from the front, who in his new book, "The Road to Madrid" (Hutchinson's), refers to the question at some length, in the course of which he produces startling evidence with regard to Guernica and Eibar which it appears suffered most at the hands of their defenders. The following are extracts from Mr. Gerahty's work:—

OUR next stop was Elqueta, and here the hand of wrath had descended in earnest. The entrance to the village, or perhaps little town, was littered with the ruins of cars and lorries, and the buildings had been severely damaged. The entrance itself was through an archway under a house which had been rent in twain by a bomb.

There was no particular use or interest in remaining among these sad remains, so we continued our journey to Eibar. In spite of the wave of fighting that had passed over them there were many people already back at work on the land, which was of a very heavy variety and which they were harrowing with quaint wooden implements heavily weighted.

Eibar had been a very interesting little town. It came into political fame when from its Casa del Pueblo came the first declaration of the Republic when the Monarchy was overthrown. Like many of the Basque towns it runs along the foot of a valley and probably owes its industrial existence to the stream over which it is built and from which it gets its power. It was almost entirely composed of arms factories, and its small arms are known throughout the world. It was cynically remarked that the small arms manufacturers of Belgium would not be depressed by its plight.

WHERE SERIOUS DAMAGE WAS DONE: A glimpse of the town of Eibar, some 15 miles east of Bilbao, which was subjected to air raid after air raid by the rebels and which also suffered at the hands of the Government incendiaries

We pulled into the Plaza Mayor, the principal square, and parked our car in front of the famous Town Hall, now once more flying the old colours. A bomb had fallen not far from the centre, and I hope for their sakes that there were no civilians about. It had made a hole barely 18 ins. deep and must have been of the "grass-cutter" variety, as the pieces had chipped large chunks out of the masonry of the surrounding houses only just above ground level.

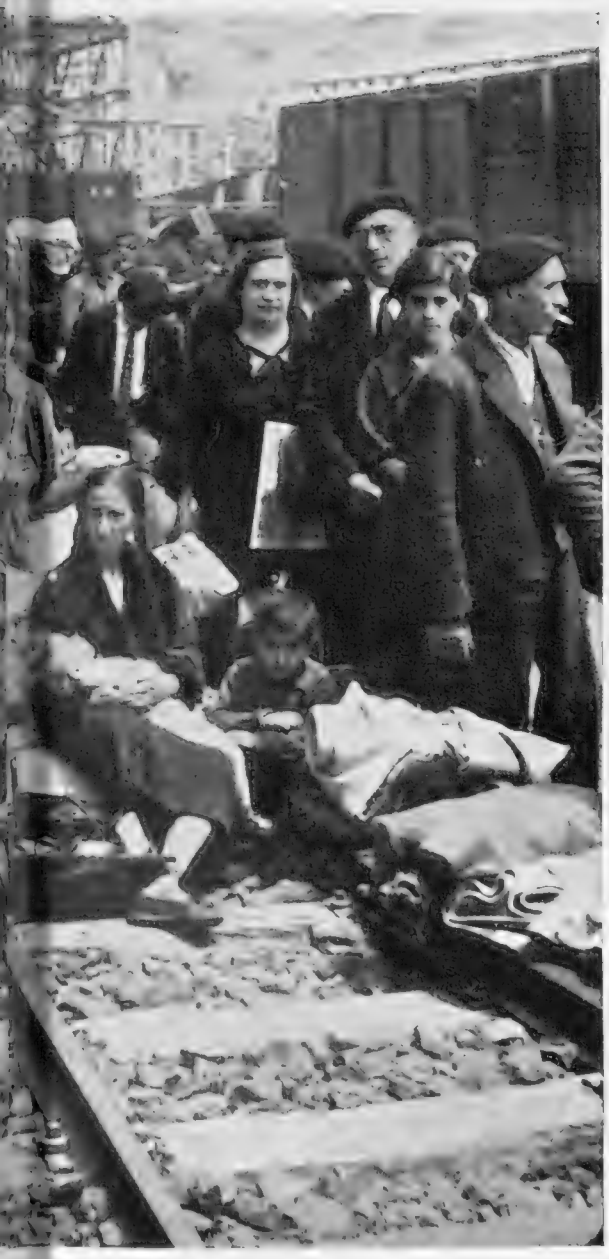
The scene of utter and absolute desolation as we walked down the main street surpassed anything I could imagine. Thoughts naturally turned to Irun, where the only comparable destruction had taken place, though here, in Eibar, I should think it was safe to say that the destruction was easily double that of Irun.

ORPHANS OF THE STORM: Children of Bilbao wh here, flocked to the railway station with their parent imminent. Some of them left for neighbourin evident that the army of occupation was bent o

Bilbao in Franco's Hands:

Evidence of How the Basque Capital Escaped the Worst of the Bombing

VANGUARD OF THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION: An armoured car section drawn up in a Bilbao street after entering the city unopposed. Here again there is no evidence of damage by shell-fire and it is to be assumed that the place is largely intact despite reports to the contrary published in some English newspapers



h remained in the city throughout the siege and, as pictured
nt when it became known that the capture of the place was
nt Santander, but others returned to their homes as it became
ot pursuing a policy of toleration towards the conquered

The fires here were much better organised (by the Basques), if that is a fair phrase, than they had been at Irun. Evidently the evacuation had been prepared for some time previously, as evidenced by the disappearance of machinery, and the actual incendiarism had been perpetrated with the help of the fire brigade tanks which had been filled with petrol and then sprayed into the houses in bulk.

There was quite a fine church which had escaped destruction, by a miracle. It was still half filled with smoke when I entered, but the fire had not spread from the north door, probably owing to the direction of the draught.

From Eibar we went to Ermua, one of the luckier places, with no wounds to expose to the passer-by, and then on to Berriz, which is quite close to Durango.

In Berriz there was a group of civilians, waiting contentedly with their bundles of clothes till some form of conveyance should present itself and enable them to get a lift to their homes, which, in all probability, they had not seen for months. The great majority of these homes were quite intact, though probably the interiors had often been ransacked. The Basque country is the most heavily populated in the world, but only the towns at strategic positions seemed to have suffered, except those such as Eibar, which were wantonly burnt by the departing reds.

As I have said, the day was moist, overcast, and misty. Most of the higher hills were covered by clouds. These conditions kept the aeroplanes at their base. This was very disappointing, as I had hoped to see them bombing Durango, which had been reported taken the day before.

What had happened was this: Durango had actually been entered by the nationalist tanks, but they received too warm a reception to make it worth while remaining. In the town they found thirty Russian tanks and four battalions of fresh red troops which had only just arrived from Santander. The advance was continued some 5 kilometres beyond Durango, leaving it entirely cut off. The nationalist bombers were only awaiting reasonable flying conditions to come and attack.

I describe these conditions fully, as on my return to England **I found the papers full of descriptions of Guernica having been bombed to destruction on that very afternoon, the action being described as a crime.** Actually, the weather prevented the planes from flying. At the exact hours indicated as being those of the bombardment I was at Marquina, only a few miles from Guernica, and where the alleged bombing could easily have been heard had it taken place.

THE MOORS ARRIVE: Moroccan troops standing in a Bilbao street before being allotted their billets on the day of the occupation. In this picture there is no evidence of serious damage, a smashed window (on right) being the only sign of what had gone before

ROCK DWELLI

The Curious Life of the Habbé Negroes, Existing Secure in their Fastnesses

A HOME AMID THE LIVING ROCK: A tomb (towards right of picture) standing near a typical cliff dwelling inhabited by certain members of the Habbé tribe who, doubtless from habit or from an atavistic fear that danger threatens, continue to live near the summit of the plateau where centuries before their ancestors had taken refuge from those who preyed upon them. They reside in these fastnesses at great inconvenience to themselves, as the menfolk, who work as herdsmen, are compelled to make daily journeys to the plains below

INDABA: Habbé negroes, belonging to a strange and little-known tribe in Senegal, gathered outside their council house, a building with a towering roof of faggots which provides protection from the fierce heat of the sun. These negroes live in comparative isolation at the foot of a rock plateau on which their ancestors centuries ago took up their abode in order to be safe from the raids of war like neighbours who were wont to carry off their women and their corn. Even to-day some members of the tribe, though all danger has long since passed, actually live in caves on the way to the summit, which to European eyes seem impossible of access

On left—HUMAN BRAKES: Habbé negroes helping to hold back the car as Professor Arnold Heim, the Swiss scientist, who had paid a visit to their settlement, drove down the rocky track on his way back to civilisation. The professor's remarkable findings, some of which are referred to on these pages, are to be published in book form

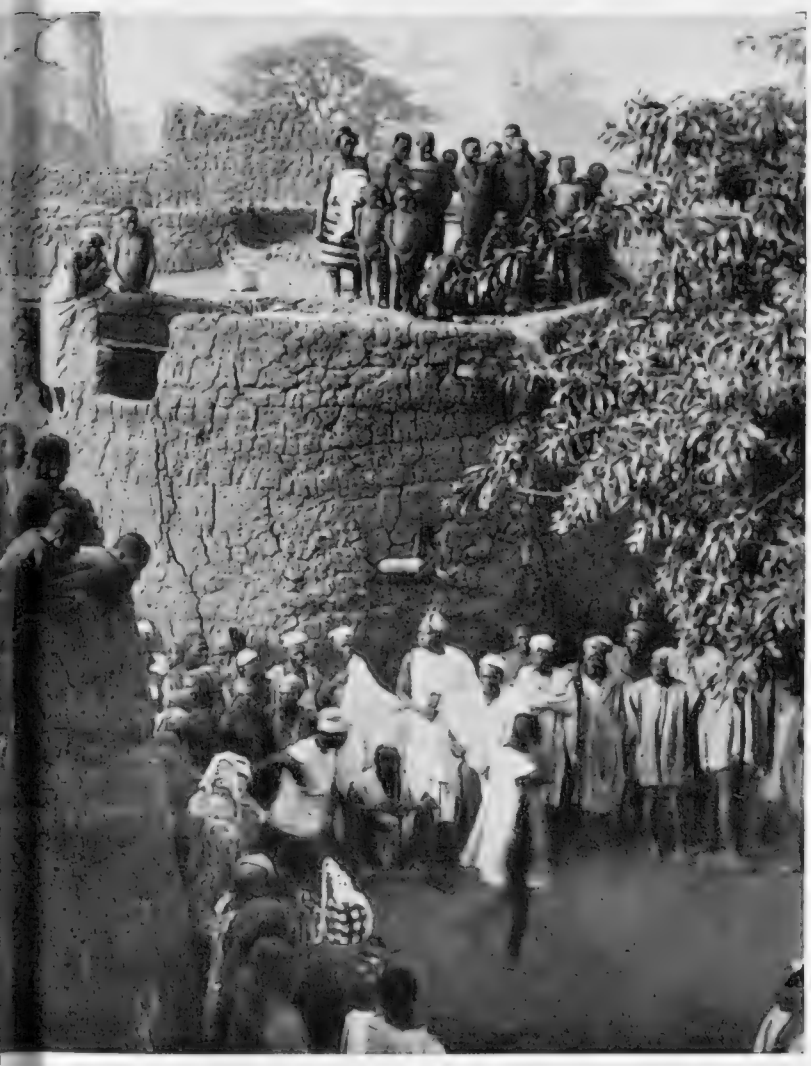
A Non-militant People and the Hill Country They Will Not Desert

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT ROCK: Living in their huts at the foot of the plateau are Habbés who have found life in the small rock dwellings irksome, but it seems that nothing will induce even these comparatively progressive members of the tribe to leave the vicinity of the old settlement and go to the plains below where they can be near their flocks and herds. They infinitely prefer to stay right where they are and day after day, year in year out, make arduous journeys on foot over hilly and broken terrain

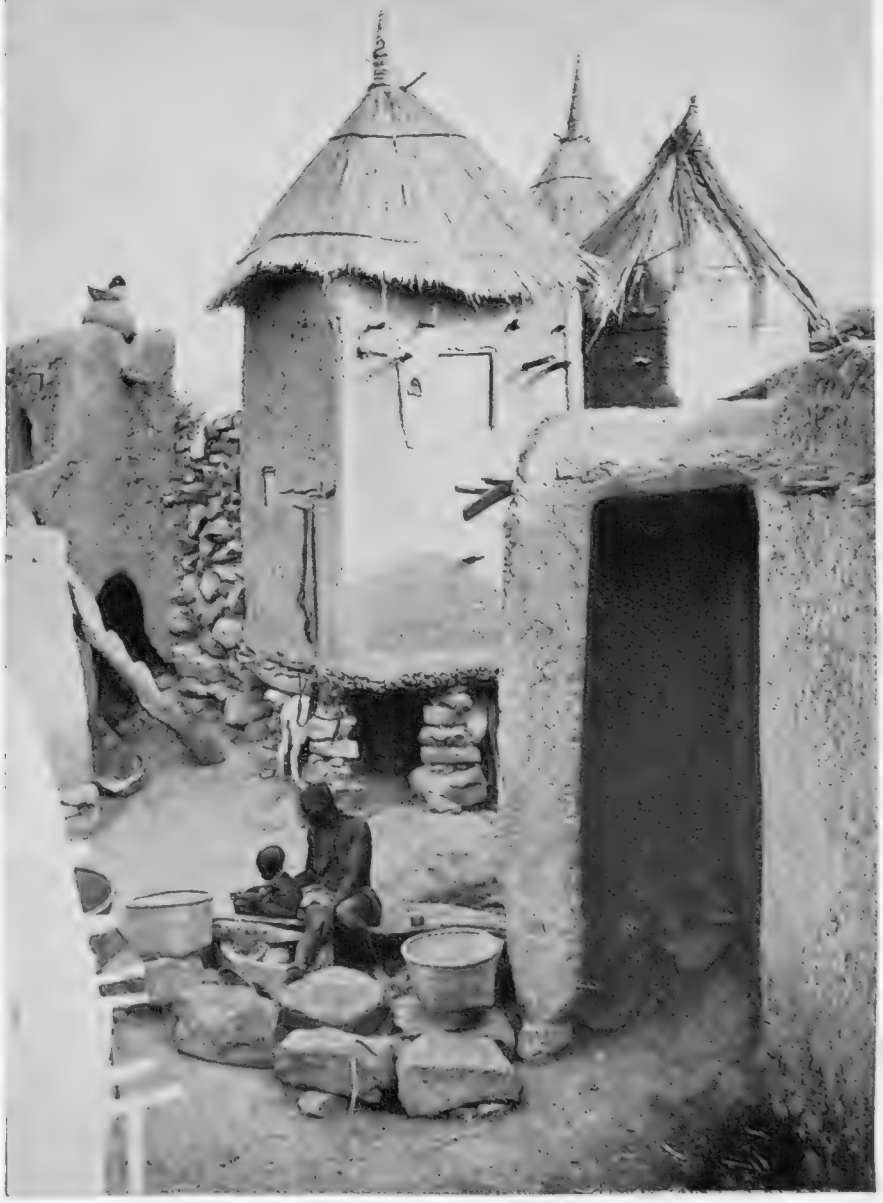
WATCHING THE FUN FROM THE ROOFTOPS: Habbé villagers looking down from their flat-roofed clay houses on to a small square where a native entertainment is taking place. The Habbés like most African tribesmen are enthusiastic dancers

RS OF SENEGAL

THE COMING OF THE WHITE STRANGER: Professor Heim's car parked at the entrance to a cavern above which can be seen some of the primitive clay dwellings and tomb chambers of the Habbé. The tribesmen still practise the walling-in of their dead and have many other unique and interesting customs



On right—THEIR STAPLE DIET: A mother and child engaged in preparing millet, a grain that plays a large part in the domestic economy of the Habbés and is stored by them in cellars beneath their huts and in square thatched structures of clay as seen in the background of this picture. The tribesmen are not great agriculturists, but grain grows prolifically in their region, requiring little cultivation



TERRITORIALS *and Their Part in* NATIONAL DEFENCE

How Industrial Concerns are Giving a Fillip to Recruiting

TERRITORIALS ON THE MARCH: Men of the Rifle Brigade (5th City of London Regiment), passing through a village during their annual training. Many of them are fortunate in having employers who give them extra leave during this period so that their normal summer holiday arrangements are not interfered with at all

SPEAKING at the Guildhall towards the end of last year, the Secretary of State for War referred to the inter-relation of the Regular army and the Territorial army and made a statement on the functions of the latter that is worthy of repetition. "Both Regulars and Territorials are part of a whole," he said, "and the importance of their functions can hardly be differentiated. One is not of greater importance than the other. So far as the defence of the country is concerned, it is the Territorial force which holds the front line. It has the responsibility of the defence of our coasts, while our inland towns look to it for protection from the new menace of attack from the air." This statement would seem to leave no doubt as to the present and future importance of the Territorial army in the scheme of national defence, and so some review of its position and problems is desirable at the present time.

The latest strength returns of the Territorial army show that at the end of May the force consisted of 8,643 officers and 144,500 other ranks. Its peace establishment is now 9,953 officers and 186,200 other ranks, having been recently increased to provide for anti-aircraft defence expansion, so there is a deficit of close on 1,300 officers and over 41,000 other ranks. The position is serious enough but it shows a remarkable improvement as compared with a year ago. Recruiting was better in April than in any other month since 1918, the intake of recruits being 151 per cent. higher than in the corresponding month of 1936. That the Territorial recruiting publicity drive is having a real effect is shown by the fact that in the ten months—April, 1936, to January, 1937—the number of young men joining the T.A. was 32,107, as compared with 17,607 in the corresponding period of the previous year.

This force is divided into fourteen divisions, of which two are anti-aircraft, and their strength returns give some indication as to one of the recruiting problems. While the Highland Division is only 4 per cent. under peace establishment and the Welsh and Northumbrian 10 per cent., the Home Counties Division is 22 per cent. under strength, the London 21 per cent., and the First and Second anti-aircraft respectively 53 and 49 per cent. There is no reason to think that basically the young man in the South of England is any less patriotic than his contemporaries in Scotland, the North, and in Wales. It is simply that he often lives farther from his work, has more opportunities for amusement, and often more money. In the Highlands the Territorial drill hall is a club as well as a training centre for many young men, who think nothing of cycling 10 miles to their weekly drills. In the South there is an increasing tendency for people to live farther and farther away from their places of employment, and for young men there are football, cricket, and tennis clubs and dramatic societies run by the firms for which they work.

SHOOTING FOR THE KING'S CUP ON THE WILTSHIRE DOWNS: Territorial Army gunners in action during the National Artillery Competition

The problem of bringing them into touch with the Territorial army and of convincing them that the comradeship they find in it is worth a dozen of any sports club is infinitely greater than elsewhere. In Scotland the men in one platoon probably come all from one village; in a London unit they may come from a dozen different places.

It has been suggested that the Territorial army training lacks interest and variety, and has not sufficient attraction for the young man of ambition and intelligence. This suggestion is without foundation. Anti-aircraft defence, either with lights or guns, is full of interest, as are signals, armoured cars, and the technical branches. Ordinary infantry training is also an absorbing study for the officer or man who takes his work seriously.

In the regiment in which I am serving, the London Rifle Brigade, the winter and spring training programme includes, in addition to ordinary drill and musketry, anti-gas training for all ranks with special courses for N.C.Os.; tactical exercises on a company basis in co-operation with the R.A.F. and armoured car units; a battlefield exercise for officers and N.C.Os. in the Amiens area; shooting at Bisley; a drill and tactics course for young N.C.Os. at the Rifle Brigade depot, and lectures by eminent authorities on tactical questions. Such a programme can hardly be described as dull.

Territorial training will be even more interesting when the War Office can supply it with up-to-date equipment. To-day the T.A. is training in theory with Bren guns, mortars, anti-tank rifles and mechanised transport, but the weapons are virtually non-existent and there is a shortage of transport. Be it said that the higher command has done much to help the T.A. by restoring the bounty and other allowances. The latest concessions such as free overalls, shirts and socks, and a higher scale of ration allowance in camp will be of additional value, but the keen Territorial soldier would long to handle the new weapons he only knows so far in theory.

Every month more and more employers of labour are co-operating actively with the authorities to encourage recruiting and give pay and holiday concessions to men already serving. Some firms have close connections with particular units. To cite a few examples, Vickers, John Barker's, Imperial Chemical Industries, and the Law Land Corporation all supply organised bodies of men, platoons or companies, for anti-air craft units, as do Peek Frean for the 1st Surrey Rifles, the Gas Light and Coke Company for the 12th London Regiment, Cables and Wireless for the London Divisional Signals, and the insurance corporation of Lloyd's for the London Rifle Brigade.

Active co-operation from employers makes all the difference in the world and can go a long way towards solving the recruiting problem. They profit indirectly in the end, for in the Territorial army a young man gets discipline, self-confidence, physical fitness, and other qualities that make for efficiency in industrial and commercial life.

As is depicted so very clearly in the admirable film *The Gap*, the most pressing need at the moment is to bring the anti-aircraft divisions in the Territorial army up to their full strength. It should not be forgotten, however, that the T.A. as a whole needs more men, and if one in every ten of the fit young men still outside its ranks came forward to serve his country the problem of strength would be solved. It is very rare to meet a man who has regretted becoming a Territorial.

J. Baker White

POLISHING UP FOR A PARADE: Leicester Yeomanry at their summer training camp

ROOF-TOP VIGILANCE: A spotter of the 35th Anti-Aircraft Battalion on the watch for "enemy" planes. His point of vantage is the roof of a South London factory

SWITZERLAND'S GROWING ARMY

The Little Confederation's Re-organised National Militia and the Methods by which it is being Trained in Mountain Warfare

EVIDENCE OF PREPAREDNESS: Switzerland, one of Europe's traditionally neutral lands, is looking across her frontiers as anxiously to-day as any Continental country and is preparing for their defence in case of emergency. Her greatly augmented army, which is known as the National Militia, and service in which is compulsory for certain periods between the ages of twenty and forty-eight, is now receiving the most elaborate training, particularly in the art of mountain warfare. On the left signallers are seen with a heliograph during Alpine exercises, and (*above*) infantry are shown taking part in manœuvres at an even higher altitude

ARTILLERY ON MANŒUVRES: Swiss militiamen practising with a minnenwerfer during exercises in the mountains. These men are really a mixture between territorials and regulars, doing during their first twelve months or so in the defence force sixty-five days training and subsequently, on entering the Landwehr and Landsturm, the two grades of reserve, giving their services to the State on a diminishing scale

THE MAILED FIST: A minnenwerfer-layer equipped with chain protection against the glowing heat generated by the mortar when firing. Though members of the Swiss army could not by any means be called professional soldiers, there is no doubt of their efficiency and no doubt that the country has at its beck and call a large and satisfactorily trained force capable of coming into action with the very minimum of delay. Its purpose is, of course, purely defensive, and it is in defensive tactics that it is being put so rigorously through its paces. There is naturally no recruiting problem, service being compulsory

A BIG DAY AT SQUIRE'S GATE: A glimpse of the crowd that gathered in the courtyard at the opening of the new ballroom at this holiday camp near Blackpool and St. Anne's which was started on a capital of just £100 and has now become a veritable garden city. *Circle on right*—Another picture taken on inauguration day

THE NEW HOLIDAY

The Advent of the Giant Summer Camp Captures the Public's Imagination

By CHARLES GRAVES

FASHIONS in holidays have become as variable as heavyweight champions. In these days endless choices are possible for anyone with only £10 to spend on his family's annual fortnight. Even a dozen years ago there was practically no alternative to a seaside boarding house or the Isle of Man. Cheap cruises had not yet become popular; conducted tours on the Continent were too much of an adventure for people who had even more than £10 to spend; bicycling holidays were more or less non-existent; it was left to the foolhardy young to pitch tents in out of the way places and risk the discomforts of the mosquitoes, rain, and lack of drainage which such a holiday provides.

In the past three years an entirely new form of holiday has sprung into existence, and one can be sure that it will attract thousands more people every year. Already £2,000,000 or £3,000,000 must have been sunk in this new type of holiday catering. This year there is already a little boomlet. I refer to summer holiday camps. Of these there have been created nearly two dozen in the past three years.

The bigger ones have cost as much as £125,000 to install, and will accommodate more than two thousand people each. The biggest are at Skegness, the Isle of Man, Squire's Gate near St. Anne's, and Bracklesham Bay. There are others in Norfolk, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and Devonshire. Nearer London we find one at Dovercourt, another at Hayling Island, and at Clacton another £125,000 camp will be opened next Easter. In addition, there are 3,000 camping sites listed, though these consist merely of a field belonging to, let us say, Farmer Juggings of Upton Barn who allows people with motor caravans and/or tents to spend the night at an average charge of 1s. 6d. a night.

The Camping Club has 8,000 members, the Caravan Club has 1,000, and it has been estimated for me that there are in this country already 20,000 motor caravans—quadruple the number five years ago. In America there are 350,000 motor caravaners. Half of them are commercial travellers who like to take their families with them. Most of the others are business people who live in the North and who during the winter have so much snow on the ground at home that the business is at a standstill, with the result that they spend four or five months down South in California or Florida.

But it is the new phenomenon of summer holiday camps which concerns me. The one at Squire's Gate was started on a capital of £100 put up by four men. In the short space of three years it has become a garden city on the sand dunes at the point where Blackpool Front ends and the road to St. Anne's branches off. There are 600 chalets laid out in squares with lawns or crazy paving in front of each chalet. They have tiled roofs and one, two, or three rooms. Each has running water and electric light.

A one-roomed chalet rises in price from £1 15s. a week in April, May, June, September and October to £2 5s. per week for August week only. A two-roomed chalet rises from £2 a week to £2 10s. a week: and a three-roomed chalet from £2 5s. to £3 10s. All the chalets are already booked up for most of July and August.

Visitors have to bring their own bedding and towels. The parking of motor cars and motor cycles (which are innumerable) is 1s. a week, and there is an excellent range of shops in the camp. The shops all belong to the proprietors of the Holiday Camp, and the grocery store alone employs fifteen assistants.

It is in fact a self-contained little town with its own ballroom and concert hall. There is even a church which was recently consecrated by the Bishop of Blackburn. This holds a congregation of eighty people, and is used one week for Nonconformists and the alternate week for Church of England services. Incidentally, it has stained-glass windows.

Each chalet has its own electrical cooking apparatus, but people who do not wish to trouble about supplying their own food can get full meals cooked by the chefs employed at the camp. Here is a specimen menu:—

Breakfast—Selection from porridge, hot milk, corn flakes, Danish bacon, fresh-laid eggs, white and brown bread and butter, marmalade, tea, coffee, or cocoa.

Dinner—Selection from roast joints, meat pies, with potatoes and other vegetables according to season; followed by sweet, steamed puddings, and always milk pudding for the children.

Tea—Selection from ham, tongue, or fish, fruit salad, brown and white bread and butter, cakes and jam.

Supper—Tea, coffee, or cocoa, bread and butter, biscuits and cheese.

If visitors choose to live all-in it costs them £2 per person per week. This includes the rental of the chalet. Children are half-price.

The shopping centre includes a butcher's shop, a chemist's, a photographic department, a Post Office with Savings Bank and Money Order department, fruit shops, hairdressers, and newspaper shops. The whole camp is under medical supervision and has its own police supervision too, six ex-sergeants and ex-inspectors patrolling the place night and day. Every afternoon and evening there is an orchestra in full swing in the marvellous ballroom.

Naturally, too, there are recreation grounds and indoor amusements. Tennis, golf, putting, bowls, table-tennis and a riding academy are among the attractions. There are physical culture classes as well. Most of these facilities are free. Games, field sports, tournaments, dancing, and swimming are other organised pastimes.

To be exact, the chalets are arranged in groups of fourteen, five either side with four at the end, thus producing a grass court, the entrance to each court being from an archway built in Californian style to harmonise with the chalets.

THE BISHOP OF BLACKBURN standing at the entrance to the little chapel which he had consecrated at Squire's Gate Holiday Camp. It holds a congregation of eighty and Nonconformist and Church of England services take place there alternately

Let us now turn to Butlin's Holiday Camp at Skegness. This has 600 chalets too, the prices rising from £2 10s. a week per person during April and May to £3 10s. in August. Children are again half-price. The Skegness Camp has its own private swimming pool. It is 150 ft. long. Separate tables in the "best restaurant manner" are provided in the banqueting hall. There are tennis courts where, to quote from the brochure, "you can borrow anything from a ball to a blonde partner for the asking . . . both have got to be returned, of course, but the courts are really good." Intending visitors are told that they do not need plus-fours for the putting course. Here, too, there is dancing, bowls, concert parties, putting, and a licensed club.

The great point about this and others of the new type of holiday camp is that they are weather proof. In other words, the visitors can have a good time even if it is raining. In boarding houses the day is spoilt when guests are driven indoors by bad weather into over-crowded rooms. At these holiday camps the visitors can use a modern gymnasium, and whist drives "to the accompaniment of rhythmic music by the two resident bands" are held continuously. Table tennis tournaments, billiard tables, reading rooms, and Devil among the Tailors—whatever that may mean—add to the gaiety.

Many of the visitors like to take part themselves in the smoking concerts. I am assured that any

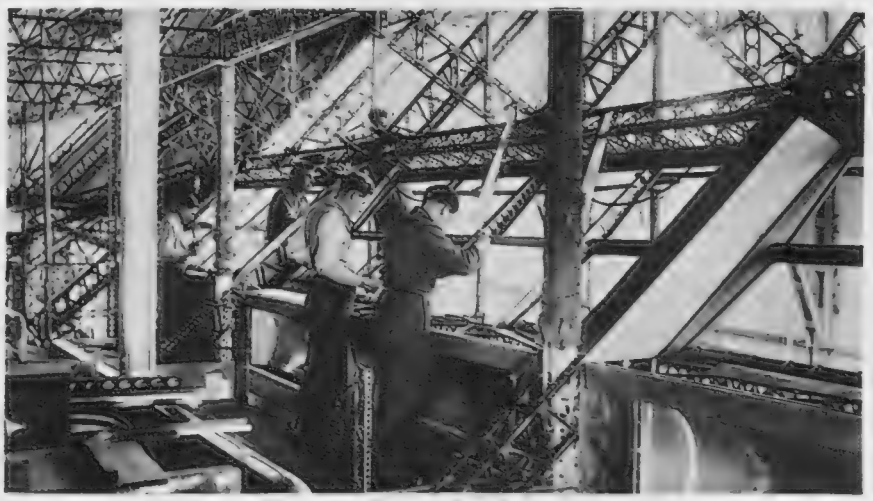
(*Continued on page* 34)

THE HELIUM ZEPPELIN

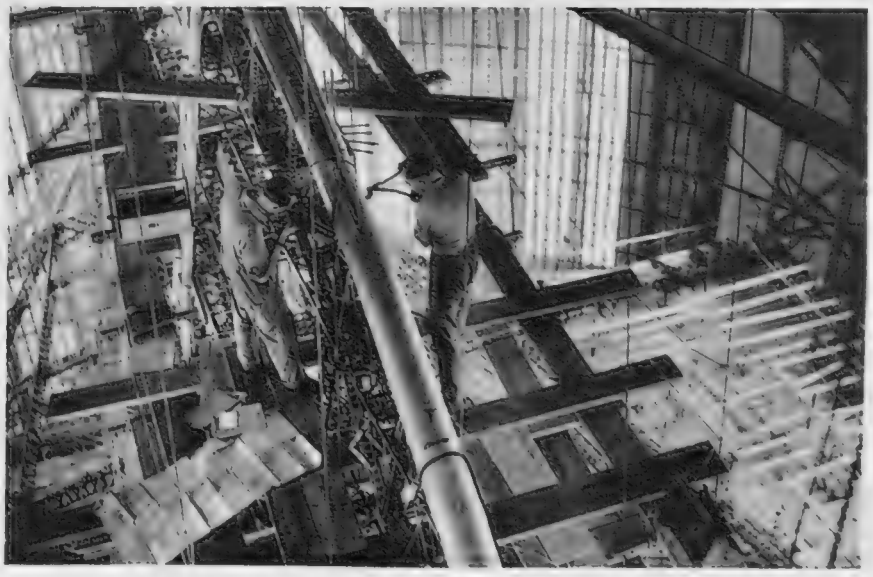
Scenes in the Giant Hangar at Friedrichshafen during the Building of Germany's New and Safer Airship

THE ILL-FATED "HINDENBURG'S" SUCCESSOR: Work in progress in the hangar at Friedrichshafen, Lake Constance, where Germany's giant new Zeppelin, at present known as the L.Z. 130, is nearing completion and, as pictured here, the fabric is being attached to the framework which it will be seen has an inner protective covering. Owing to the recent disaster at Lakehurst, New Jersey, it has been decided that the new dirigible is to employ helium instead of hydrogen and, as a result of this non-inflammable gas' lesser lifting power, considerable structural alterations are having to be made, at least 20 tons being taken off the total weight

WITHIN THE MIGHTY DIRIGIBLE: One of the companion ladders inside the Zeppelin. When completed, Germany believes that the L.Z. 130 will carry on the good work of the famous Graf Zeppelin and once again restore confidence in lighter than air craft. It is expected that the dirigible will be finished by September or October of this year and that during the next three years another three of similar type will be laid down. The cost of using helium, a gas of which America has a virtual monopoly, will be in the neighbourhood of £100,000 per airship as compared with the £3,000 charged for a similar amount of hydrogen—a very substantial difference



PUTTING IN STRUTS OF STAMPED METAL: Men at work on the structure of the L.Z.130 which is being built of the very lightest material possible in order to allow of the maximum lift. The struts are pierced in numerous places and everywhere an attempt has been made to eliminate superfluous weight. *Below*—Working high up in the hangar



A SECOND GERMAN EXPEDITION MEETS WITH

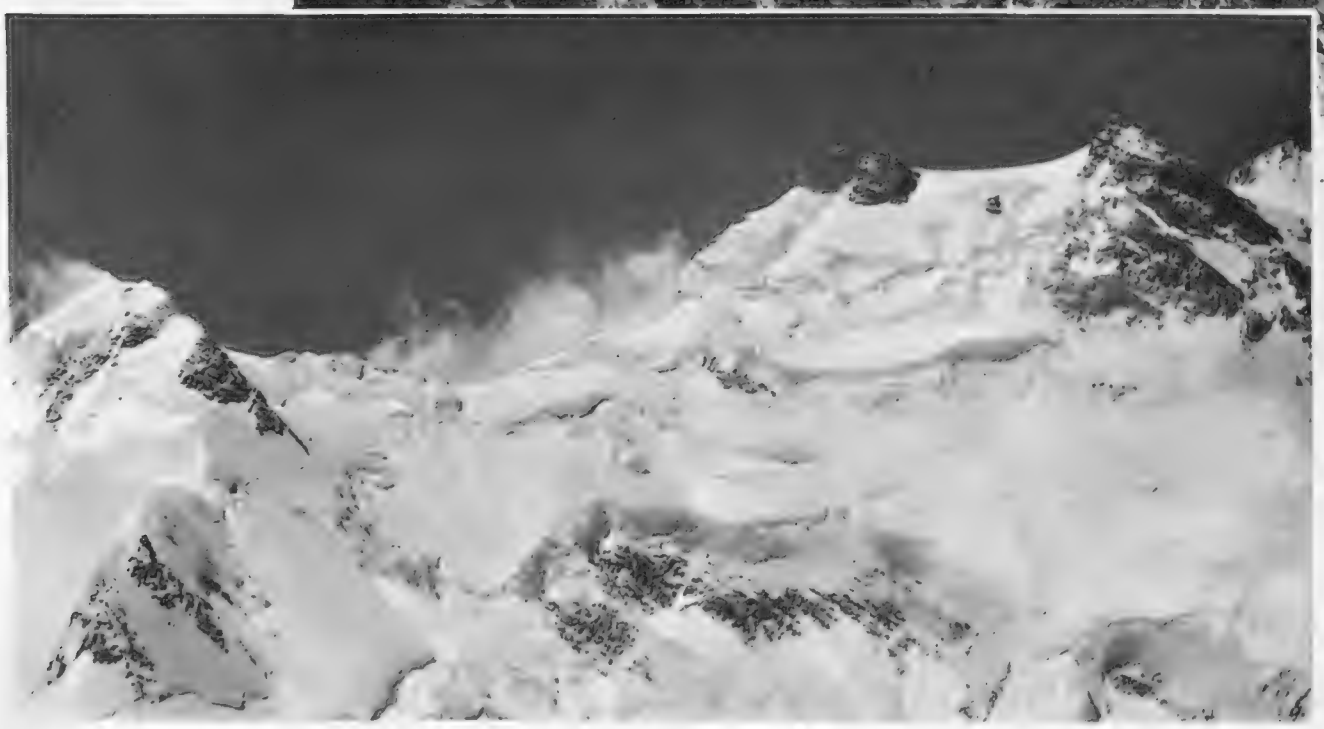
Sixteen Members of the Party Overwhelmed At Camp 4 by an Avalanche

NANGA PARBAT, that mighty 26,600 ft. peak, which ranks with Everest as one of the as yet unconquered giants of the Himalayas, has once again set man at defiance, and for the second time in three years members of a German expedition have perished on its treacherous slopes, adding yet another tragic chapter to the history of mountaineering in this region at the roof of the world.

It will be remembered that in the summer of 1934 Herr Merkl, Dr. Wieland, and Dr. Welzenbach, and six Sherpa porters, those gallant native carriers who follow the white man with such trust and enthusiasm, met their deaths in a terrific blizzard that swept the face of the mountain just as they were engaging in the final stage of the assault on the summit, and now comes the dread news of the even more overwhelming disaster that has overtaken the latest expedition, claiming the lives of seven Europeans and nine porters.

According to a survivor, Dr. Luft, he advanced up to Camp 4 sometime after his companions, and was horror-stricken to find that it had been buried in an avalanche, and to recover three knapsacks as further grim evidence of the nature of the tragedy that had all but wiped out the expedition's personnel.

At the moment, of course, it is not possible to give the full details of the disaster, but its surprisingly wholesale nature is, none the less, the subject of much comment in Alpine circles, experts declaring that it once again stresses the danger of massing too many members of an expedition on the higher slopes of a mountain and thus courting a tragedy such as has just taken place.



The following are extracts from the last messages sent out by Dr. Karl Wien, the leader:—

June 11.—Since we carried the advance up to the first camps in good weather as related in a previous telegram, the mountaineers' greatest enemies, fog and heavy snowfalls, have put our patience to a severe test and have shown us once more

On left—THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY: It was at Camp 4, on an ice platform below the Rakiot Peak (left of picture) that the members of the ill-fated climbing party met their deaths as an ice avalanche swept down upon them, offering little or no chance of escape. The summit of Nanga Parbat can just be glimpsed (right centre) away behind the S.E. and N.E. peaks

Disaster on the Slopes of Nanga Parbat

A Himalayan Peak That Continues to Defy All Attempts at Conquest

THE GREAT ROCK FORTRESS VIEWED FROM THE INDUS VALLEY: A striking impression by Mr. C. P. Skrine of 26,600 ft. Nanga Parbat which has once again unmasked its defensive batteries at a critical moment, seven Europeans and nine native porters losing their lives as a result of an ice avalanche overwhelming Camp 4 where the latest German expedition had established itself on June 11 preparatory to making a final assault on the summit. It was on these same slopes that in 1934 members of another German expedition met their deaths in a great blizzard

that the conquest of a peak of over 26,000 ft. is necessarily a siege during which one must keep on hoping for a spell of good weather to weaken the defences. The advance party laid the track from Camp 3 (19,680 ft.) to Camp 4 (20,280 ft.) on June 6 and occupied it next day. On June 8 the main party advanced up to Camp 3, which is situated slightly higher than in 1934 on a rounded snowcrest in grand surroundings.

The tents were entrenched up to their tops in snow for protection against the wind and cold, the temperature having dropped to 20 deg. below zero several times. Four sahibs, ten Sherpas, and twelve Balti coolies inhabit this lofty tent city. As the Balti men were fixing up their tent next to that of the Sherpas thick flakes of snow were falling and the following morning we awoke to an ice-cold, hoary winter's day. A deep powder of snow had buried our tents and our tracks. Nevertheless, our advance party started to prepare the way to Camp 5, but bad visibility and the deep snow compelled them to return soon.

On June 9, in spite of unfavourable weather, all the porters came up to Camp 4, which is now well equipped with stores to keep the porters for a long time. Therefore we were able to send the majority of the Balti coolies down to the base camp yesterday.

At the moment conditions on the mountain are similar to those we met with on the fateful days of July, 1934. The deep snow which has been lying since the break in the weather at the end of May is being added to daily.

Below—THE TORRENT UNLEASHED: An avalanche rushing down the north face of Nanga Parbat in much the same manner as that which recently overwhelmed the Germans and their porters. In this particular case it is estimated that the height of the snow cloud is 1,000 ft. and it is easy to understand how slender are the chances of survival for anyone standing in its all-devouring path

FORGIVEN AND FORGOTTEN: Victoria (Pamela Stanley) and Lady Jane (Penelope Dudley Ward) are reconciled after the Queen realises how unreasoning was her jealousy of the woman she believed was attempting to steal the affections of her Consort, Prince Albert. A charming scene from *Victoria Regina*, Laurence Housman's series of plays which, owing to the Lord Chamberlain's relaxation of the rule forbidding the stage representation of Royal personages of modern times, are now being publicly performed at the Lyric Theatre following the private production some time back at the Gate. Their success has been instantaneous, and they have doubtless received an added stimulus through the fact that 1937 marks the centenary of Victoria's accession

QUEEN

MR. EUGENE GOOSSENS and the late Arnold Bennett collaborated grand-operatically a few years ago in *Judith*. *Don Juan de Mañara* (produced for the first time on any stage at Covent Garden last week) is also based on an Arnold Bennett play, and Mr. Goossens has given it musical treatment of the same type—rich orchestral colouring and little, if any, lyrical expression. He deals out his thematic material in little snippets, some of them quite interesting in themselves, never weaving them together to form any prolonged musical statement. Which, boiled down, means that he cannot or will not give us tunes. I pay Mr. Goossens, who is a cultured and accomplished musician, the compliment of thinking it must be a case of "will not," for he gives us just one tune—a short serenade—which is so good that the position is the more tantalising.

Now the production of an opera in the grand style by a British composer—and this *Don Juan* is all very grand with a first-rate cast and Mr. Aubrey Hammond's superb scenery—is an event of such rarity (and such expense) that it seems a pity that the composer should have approached his task from the wrong angle. One does not expect Mr. Goossens to change his whole outlook and individuality as a creative artist. But one may marvel that a man of his experience in such matters has not realised that no opera that is virtually melody-less has a chance of permanent success. It will vanish, even as I fear, *Judith* has vanished.

Whether an opera has the simple arias, with tum-ti-tum accompaniment, of the early Verdi and his Italian contemporaries, the *leit-motif* system of Wagner, the attractively luscious sentimentalities of Puccini, the characteristic themes (and sometimes precious poor themes), decked with the glittering scoring, of Richard Strauss, or the delicate wisps of Debussy—it must have that quality which can be conveniently if inadequately described by the simple word—*tunes*.

What Mr. Goossens has done, with immense if misguided skill, is to provide a background to lines of a play which are little more than spoken, so meagre is their vocal interest. Since this is an opera and not a play, the fact that such lines are dramatic (though often unintentionally comic, as is the way with opera in English), and the tragedy quite an exciting affair of lust and murder, goes for very little.

Yet the composition and production of *Don Juan* call for no little congratulation. Because Mr. Goossens' music is not (or he will not allow it to be) lyrical, that is not to say that his opera has not musical value in plenty. Whether the operatic public will cotton to such music is another matter. The performance, conducted by the composer, could not have been better. A large cast, all with excellent voices (and also excellent memories, for it cannot be easy to keep in the mind phrases which consist of notes bearing, apparently, no relation to one another) acted and sang with immense spirit, Mr. Lawrence Tibbett (the Don Juan) Mr. Dennis Noble, Mr. Norman Allin, Miss Margaret Carlisle, Miss Marie Burke, and Miss Stella Andreva being the most prominent.

A couple of nights later, by the way, I heard Mr. Tibbett in *Otello*—the best Iago in my experience. The performance, under Sir Thomas Beecham, was the most brilliant of the season which ends this week. Until the end of the month Covent Garden will be devoted to ballet. We have had an exceptionally long and exceptionally varied dose of opera to mark the Coronation year. German, Italian, and French works have been jumbled up together—which I think the better course—and not given a sort of miniature season apiece. Wagner, as usual, has been the mainstay, not only financially.

Of the French works, the revival of *Pelléas et Mélisande* was the most welcome; the wretched scenery could not, of course, spoil the exquisite singing of Madame Lisa Perli. *Carmen* proved fair to moderate; *Ariane et Barbe Bleue* dull and disappointing. Verdi has had a good look in, with some fine performances of the rarely heard *Falstaff*. Donizetti's bright little *Don Pasquale* did not have the support it deserved and will, I imagine, now return to the shelf for another twenty years or so.

Gluck's *Orphée* and *Alceste* were received with reverence and on bended knee by those who feel, I believe quite sincerely, that way when they hear them. For my part, there are no operas which bore me so unutterably as this pompous pair.

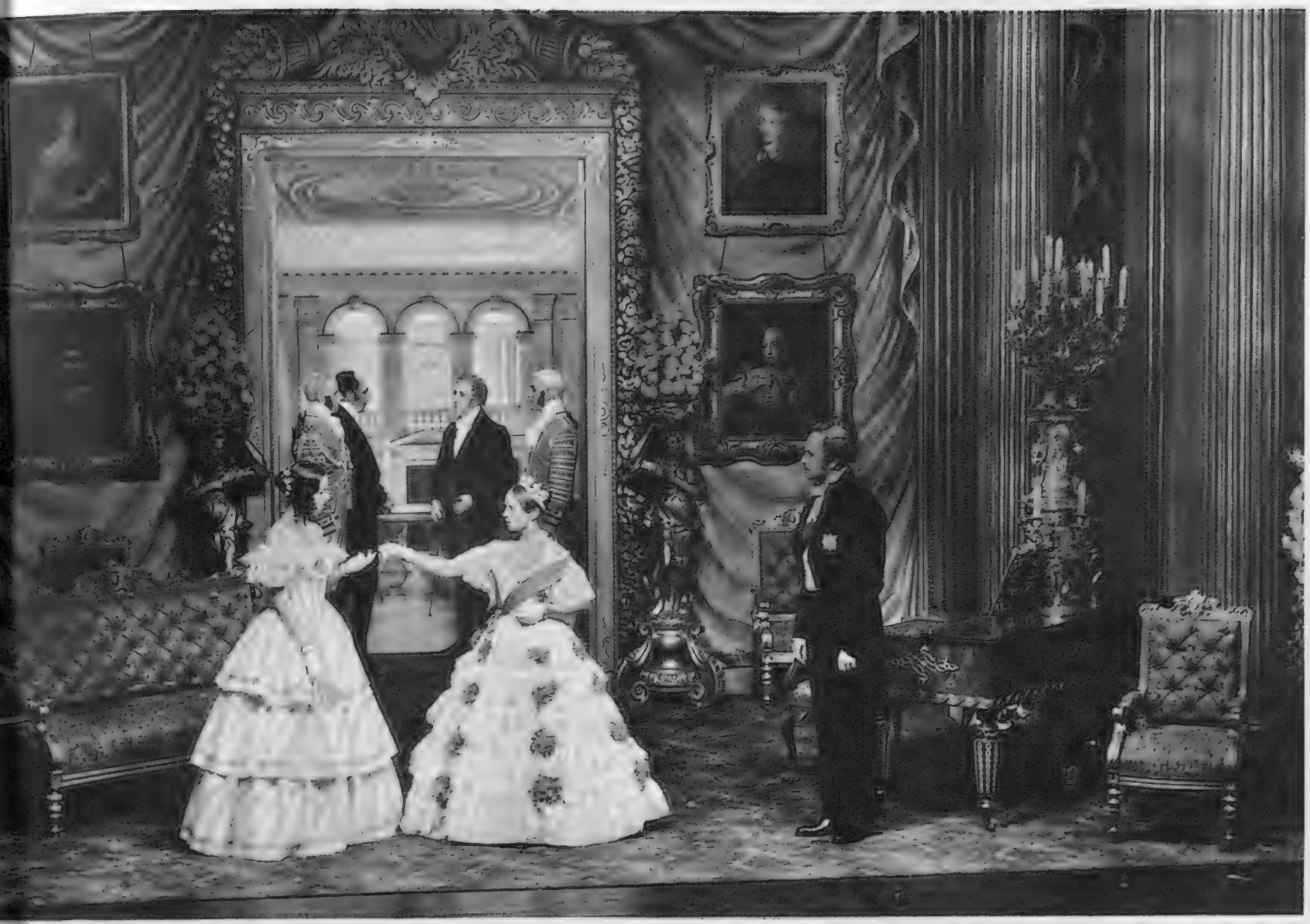
Quite a remarkable point is that we have had a long and important season without *Die Meistersinger*, *Rosenkavalier*, or *La Bohème*.

MACABRE BALLET: The death scene in *Scheherazade*, one of the dramatic pieces given by Colonel de Basil's company which is enjoying a success at Covent Garden

"Victoria Regina."—A well-dressed man has been defined as a man upon whose clothes no comment is made. The analogy may well extend to a

A LOSS TO STAGE AND SCREEN: Colin Clive, who has just died in Hollywood, seen as Stanhope (left), the part in which he so distinguished himself in *Journey's End*, achieving world-wide recognition by his representation of the young nerve-shattered captain

THE VOICE OF THE CENTURY: This is the opinion of many who have heard Kirsten Flagstad, the prima donna, whose performances at Covent Garden have so captured the imagination. She upsets operatic tradition by her elegant figure



JEALOUSY AT COURT: The Queen (Pamela Stanley) orders Lady Jane (Penelope Dudley Ward) to hand over the flower which she believes Prince Albert (Carl Esmond, right) has just given her, whereas he has done no more than pick it up from the floor where it dropped quite accidentally. A big moment in *Victoria Regina* which has a charming and realistically Victorian setting devised by Rex Whistler

VICTORIA: STAGED AT LAST

"Don Juan de Mañara", An Opera Based on an Arnold Bennett Play

By PHILIP PAGE

good play. Not that I find it impossible to make comments on Mr. Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina* at the Lyric Theatre. But inevitably they must take the form of additions to the chorus of eulogies which its production has so rightly evoked.

For what it sets out to be—not a subtly-interwoven drama but a series of episodes extending over sixty years—it could not be better. As a pageant depicting the life of a woman, and a very great woman, it is sheer perfection.

Not that Victoria herself is shown as a being of sheer perfection. We know that, although "her court was pure, her life serene," she was not perfect, that she had womanly failings in the way of jealousies and tyrannies, that she could be *difficile*, and that she was always the despot (although in one in her position despotism can hardly be termed a failing).

Mr. Housman has painted her as we like to think she was, and, indeed, as we may take it that she was. In point of time Queen Victoria is not after all, so very remote. As an awe-struck child I saw her drive through the streets of London. Mr. Housman was a man of nearly forty when she died and had plenty of opportunity to collect first-hand evidence, at any rate for his later scenes.

The whole play is a joyous mixture of sentiment, humour, and pathos (not too much of this) from the moment when the girl Victoria is told of the death of her uncle to the appearance of the old, old lady on the day of her Diamond Jubilee.

Comparison is hardly feasible when all is so good, but if I had to make a choice it would be that opening episode, pervaded by the exquisite polish of Mr. Allan Aynesworth as Lord Conyngham. It was a pity we did not see any more of Mr. Aynesworth, who, I trust, will be available if *Victoria Regina* goes, like a revue, into a second and third edition, composed of others of Mr. Housman's Victorian playlets.

I think Mr. Aynesworth was (via the author) rather hard on King William IV in declaring that he was a worse king than his brother, George. That is a matter of opinion. Nor was it King William who was known throughout Europe as the monarch with a head like a

(Continued on page 34)

Pictures by A. Console

END OF THE LOVERS' TIFF: After the Queen's display of unreasoning jealousy Prince Albert (Carl Esmond) re-enters the room and finds her sobbing on the couch. Instead of going to her and comforting her, however, he sits at the piano playing sentimental airs until at last Victoria comes to him and there is a touching reconciliation. The episode brings out the strong personality of the Prince, showing how, despite his intensely difficult position as Consort, he none the less dominated the Royal household

QUEEN VICTORIA IN REAL LIFE: *Pictures that Contrast Interestingly with the Stage Representation*

SCENE OF HER FIRST OFFICIAL ACT: It was in this room at Kensington Palace (now occupied by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice) that a century ago, when seventeen years of age, Queen Victoria held a Council meeting following the news of William IV's death and her accession. "I went in of course quite alone and remained seated the whole time," wrote the Queen in her journal. "My two uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, and Lord Melbourne conducted me . . . I was not nervous and had the satisfaction of hearing that people were satisfied with what I had done"

THE QUEEN AT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE: This portrait of Her Majesty, the last to be made before her marriage, compares most interestingly with Pamela Stanley's stage representation of her in *Victoria Regina*, the series of plays by Laurence Housman that have been attracting such attention at the Lyric and scenes from which are reproduced on pages 22 and 23

The centenary of Queen Victoria's accession has fully aroused the interest it deserves and it is particularly appropriate that in this year Laurence Housman's remarkable series of playlets, which give such an intimate glimpse of the Queen's private life, should at last have passed the censor.

Pamela Stanley, who plays the title-role, has a really excellent make-up in the opening scenes but, in comparison with some of the pictures on this page, it may be argued with justice that in middle-life the Queen is made on the stage to look far too feeble, whereas in fact she was full of virility. It was not until very near the end that she lost that dominating look, which was so characteristic of her mature years.

WINDSOR 1872: Queen Victoria, who was then fifty-three years of age, with the Empress Augusta, consort of the Emperor William I of Germany. Although eleven years had elapsed since the death of Prince Albert the Queen was still clad in the deepest mourning

ONE of the best accounts of the Queen's accession is to be found in the writings of Greville:—

"The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the Council at Kensington Palace at eleven" he wrote. "Never was there anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of admiration which it raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and certainly something far beyond what was looked for. Her youth and inexperience and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the Palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the Council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked, too, if she would enter the room accompanied by the great officers of State, but she said that she would come in alone. When the Lords were assembled, the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and, accordingly, the two royal dukes, the two Archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order was passed, when the doors were thrown open, and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the Lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done, she retired as she entered."

THE QUEEN AT 72: A picture that exemplifies the vitality she retained into later life. On her desk is a large portrait of the Prince Consort, to whose memory she was so deeply devoted, and as a result of whose death she remained for so long in seclusion, though still attending to State affairs

A THREATENED BEAUTY SPOT

D. L. Macnie

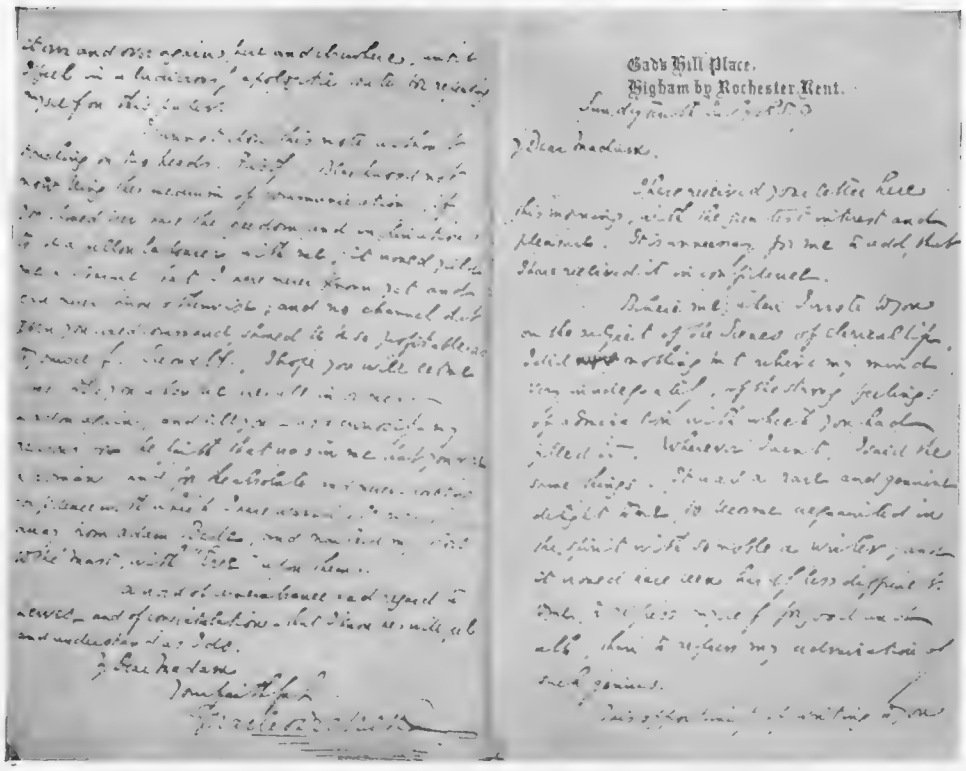
There is a scheme on foot to carry a new Maidenhead by-pass over the Thames near this lovely spot between Windsor and Monkey Island. If it comes to fruition the reach will inevitably lose much of its charm

THATCHING KENTISH COTTAGES

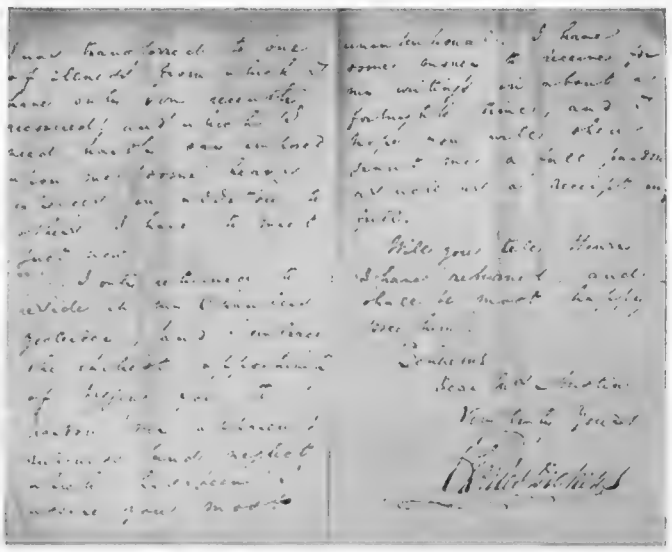
An uncommon sight in these days in which thatching is a dying art and few cottagers can afford the expense of it. A picture taken at Hartley, near Dartford

DICKENS WRITES TO HIS FRIENDS

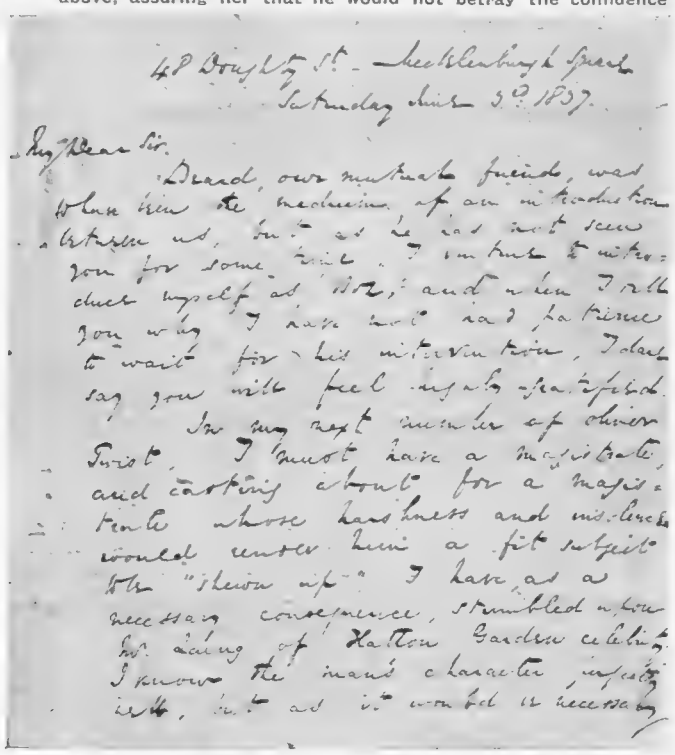
Letters That Are Intensely Human Documents



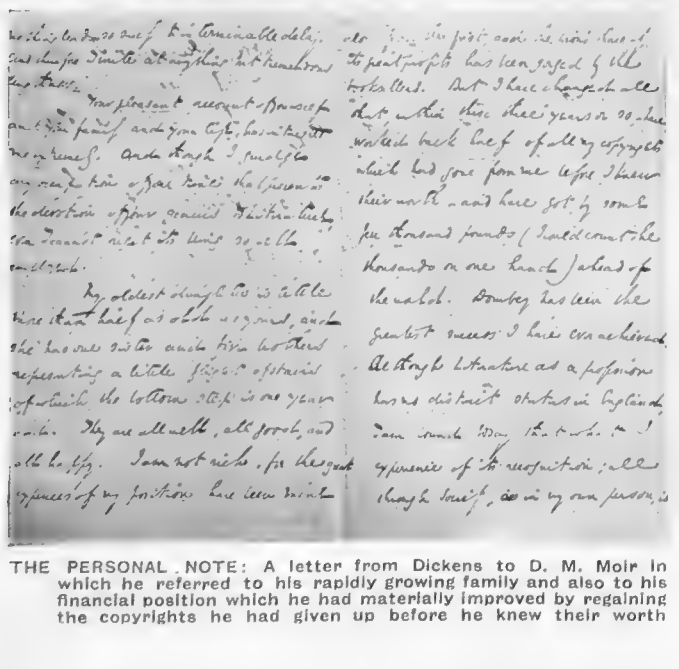
WHEN GEORGE ELIOT GAVE AWAY HER SECRET, telling Dickens she was a woman, a fact that Dickens had suspected, the latter wrote her a charming letter, two pages of which are reproduced above, assuring her that he would not betray the confidence



WHEN DICKENS WAS A STRUGGLING JOURNALIST he wrote this letter to Mrs. Austin, mother of his friend, Henry Austin, assuring her of his intention of paying back money he had borrowed. Like all Dickens' letters it is an intensely human document



PRELUDE TO A PEN PORTRAIT: This letter to Mr. Thomas Haines, of the Mansion House, was written by Dickens when he was manœuvring to gain admittance to Hatton Garden Court so that he might see Mr. Laing, the notorious magistrate there, whose character is identical to that of Mr Fang in the pages of *Oliver Twist*. The following is an extract from the missive:—"In my next number of Oliver Twist, I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be 'shewn up,' I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be) I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might under your auspices be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning"



THE PERSONAL NOTE: A letter from Dickens to D. M. Moir in which he referred to his rapidly growing family and also to his financial position which he had materially improved by regaining the copyrights he had given up before he knew their worth

THE intimate letters of Charles Dickens, written to his friends, are now scattered to many parts of the world. His great popularity in life has been maintained after his death, and the early editions of his books, and his bright spontaneous letters fetch high prices in the sale rooms. America, where he was fêted on his first visit, later on hated for his caustic picture of American life in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and where he subsequently regained favour, possesses many of his letters in the Huntingdon Library and elsewhere. Also in Switzerland, by the shores of Lake Geneva many of the novelist's letters are in the possession of the ardent collector, the Count de Suzannet, by whose courtesy we are enabled to reproduce the letters given on this page. It is strangely appropriate that so many of Dickens' letters should be at Lausanne, the place where he resided for six months, and where he grew to like the Swiss people so much and to rejoice in the majestic scenery.

He wrote in ecstatic mood to Forster about the little villa, "Rosemont," which he had taken—"beautifully situated on the hill that rises from the lake"—about his upstair study which "looks out from two French windows opening into a balcony, on the lake and mountains . . . the Simplon, the St. Gotthard, Mont Blanc." He enjoyed it all—the long walks in the lovely surroundings—the Swiss peasants who, while not possessing "the sweetness and grace of the Italians, or the agreeable manners of the better specimens of the French peasantry," were so civil and well educated.

He was hard at work upon *Dombey and Son* and pleased with the way it was developing—and also with his idea of a new Christmas Story, *The Battle of Life*. He had congenial neighbours, some English people residing in Lausanne, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson of Rockingham Castle, whose romantic home in England was afterwards used by him in *Bleak House* as the residence of Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock.

Yet in spite of his real enthusiasm for nature, Dickens craved for streets, the noise and interest of them. In a remarkable letter to Forster he describes his difficulty—it was not invention which was still "the easiest thing in the world"—but "the absence of streets and numbers of figures. I cannot express how much I want these. It seems as if they supplied something to my brain, which it cannot bear, when busy, to lose." He rushed off from the peace and quiet of Lausanne to Geneva, where the bustle of the streets restored his equanimity and he was able to get on with his writing.

Charles Dickens was a voluminous writer, tossing off notes at hot speed to his many friends, and in consequence his letters are constantly appearing in the sale rooms where they are eagerly bought by collectors and carried off to the far corners of the world. But it is satisfactory to remember that a great important section of his letters—those written to his close friend and biographer, John Forster—remain in England, in the library of the Victoria and Albert Museum, under the Forster bequest.

Everybody knows to-day that "George Eliot" was the nom-de-plume of Miss Marianne Evans (1819–1880) but at the time *Adam Bede* was written few knew that the writer was a woman and Dickens was probably the first one to guess it.

There is exhibited in a glass case in the British Museum a letter of Dickens written in 1859, after the publication of *Scenes of Clerical Life* addressed to "George Eliot Esquire" in which he says "In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of the sad fortunes of Mr. Amos Barton, and the sad love story of Mr. Gilful, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one; but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices to address the said writer as a woman."

We do not know what "George Eliot" wrote in reply to such an appreciative letter from the great literary man of the day, but she still kept her identity a secret. However, on publishing *Adam Bede* a year later, she made herself known to Dickens, requesting him to keep the information a secret, and in reply received the following long and appreciative letter:—

"Gads Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent.
Sunday Tenth July, 1859.

"My Dear Madam,

I have received your letter here this morning, with the greatest of interest and pleasure. It is unnecessary for me to add, that I have received it in confidence.

"Believe me, when I wrote to you on the subject of the Scenes of Clerical Life I did nothing but relieve my mind, very inadequately, of the strong feelings of admiration with which you had filled it. Wherever I went I said the same things. It was a rare and genuine delight to me to become acquainted in the spirit with so noble a writer; and it would have been hardly less difficult to me to repress myself for good and all, than to repress my admiration of such genius.

"This opportunity of writing to you, relieves me from a difficulty in which I have felt myself to be placed ever since you sent me Adam Bede, and for my extrication from which, I have always trusted to the result that has come—for I have always had the vanity to believe that I should one day hear from you as a real individual woman.

"Adam Bede has taken its place among the actual experiences and endurances of my life. Every high quality that was in the former book, is in that, with a world of power added thereunto. The concept of Hetty's character is so extraordinarily subtle and true, that I laid the book down fifty times, to shut my eyes and think about it. I know nothing so skilful, determined, and uncompromising. The whole country life that the story is set in is so real, so droll and genuine and yet so select and polished by art, that I cannot praise it enough to you.

"And that part of the book which follows Hetty's trial (and which I have observed to be not as widely understood as the rest) affected me far more than any other, and exalted my sympathy with the writer to its utmost height. You must not suppose I am writing this to *you*. I have been saying it over and over again, here and elsewhere, until I feel in a ludicrously apologetic state for repeating myself on this paper.

"I cannot conclude this note without touching on two heads. Firstly (Blackwood not now being the medium of communication),

(Continued on page 34)

DUBLIN WELCOMES THE IRISH BRIGADE

On Their Return From the Spanish Civil War

HEROES OF THE HOUR: *Left*—Two wounded men of the Irish Brigade which, after fighting in Spain for six months on behalf of Franco, returned to Dublin last week and was accorded a popular reception. *Right*—Commandant O'Sullivan and General O'Duffy, the leader of the Brigade, disembarking from the *Mocambique* in which they and their 631 men travelled from Lisbon

THEY SAW IT THROUGH: Two of General O'Duffy's men, one in plus fours and replete with beard, pictured together after disembarking from the *Mocambique* at North Wall. They look thoroughly fit despite their ten weeks of trench warfare round Madrid. *On left*—A group of volunteers, some of whom are wearing the Franco forage cap

SWINGING ACROSS O'CONNELL BRIDGE: Members of the Brigade marching through the heart of Dublin on their way from the docks to the Mansion House, where they were officially welcomed home by the Lord Mayor, Alderman Byrne. All along the route their reception was most enthusiastic, being indicative not so much of public sympathy with their Fascist politics as with their action "in fighting for the Church against anti-Christ." In his speech at the reception General O'Duffy explained that the reason for the Brigade's return was due to reduction in strength through casualties and lack of reinforcements from Ireland on account of the non-intervention agreement. They had seen plenty of fighting, he said, and on one occasion fifty-six shells fell on their trenches in just over 22 mins.

JAPAN

TOKYO WELCOMES THE CONQUERING HEROES: *Left*—The scene at the Haneda Airport as a rain-defying crowd gathered to acclaim the record-breaking flyers, Masaaki Iinuma and Kenji Tsukagoshi, whose Japanese-built monoplane Kamekaze (*Divine Wind*) is shown taxi-ing along the ground in the distance after completing the return journey from England by easy stages and without mishap. It will be remembered that earlier in the year the machine had flown the 9,900 miles from Tokyo to Croydon in 3 days 22 hrs. 18 mins. carrying Emperor Hirohito's Coronation greetings to King George; a flight that aroused intense popular enthusiasm in Japan and will doubtless prove a great stimulus to aircraft construction in the country. *Right*—Iinuma addressing a packed audience in Hibiya Park where a reception was held in his honour and in honour of his fellow-adventurer, Tsukagoshi

CANADA: Montreal and Vancouver to be Brought Within a Day's Journey of Each Other

TO extend an Empire connection in North America for the transatlantic air mail service scheduled to start this year, Canada is preparing to open a trans-Canada airway which will link Montreal with Vancouver in less than seventeen hours, and later in the year join Halifax with the Pacific coast in less than twenty hours. A private company, Trans-Canada Air Lines, similar to Imperial Airways in that the Government will have a financial interest, is being set up. The first section of the new airway, from Winnipeg to Vancouver, went into operation on Dominion Day, July 1.

While Canada carries air freight far exceeding that carried in all other countries of the new world, practically all air transport in the Dominion is in little settled areas where there is no railway service and a limited water transport. The last country in the Empire to organise for inter-city air transport, though the first flight in the Empire was made at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, on February 23, 1909, Canada has for some years been preparing to operate a trans-Canada airway to link her cities with mail, passenger, and express air services. The forthcoming transatlantic service has pushed the project along.

Difficulty was experienced in bridging the vast unsettled bush regions of northern Ontario and the mountains of British Columbia. The former was done by building a chain of intermediate emergency landing fields at 25-mile intervals along the northern railway line across northern Ontario, requiring the cutting of virgin bush, planting grasses, and providing for caretakers so that the bush would not encroach on the cleared field again, filling in muskeg, dynamiting stumps, and stringing telephone lines through the wilderness so that each field can have telephone, teletype weather services with main flying fields. The Rocky Mountain section was also solved by building in the mountains a chain of emergency landing fields.

Canada's airway starts at Halifax, touches St. John, crosses the United States through northern Maine, to Montreal. In return Canada allows American airliners to fly across southern Ontario from Buffalo to Detroit. The airway continues from Montreal via Ottawa, Emsdale, junction point for Toronto planes, to Cochrane, Sioux Lookout, to Winnipeg. Across the prairies to Brandon, Regina, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, and Vancouver.

The Government will maintain weather and radio services along the entire route, but will not operate the planes. Two-way radio communication and radio compasses are provided for, as well as the latest in safety devices. The company will have the pick of Canada's pilots for the new route, as the private aviation companies will be allowed a share in the operation of the 5,000,000 dollars corporation which is to be underwritten by the Canadian National Railways, which will hold 51 per cent of the stock. The Government will have three directors on the board, the railway three, and the private aviation companies three. Present plans call for the Government's allowing for a deficit for the first two years, after which a modest earning is expected.

Internationally the airway connects at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver with United States lines, and at Halifax and Montreal with the transatlantic service of Imperial Airways. Empire and foreign mails bound for the Far East will be carried via Canada to connect with fast steamers from Vancouver for the Orient. It is to carry this mail that Canada has rushed her transcontinental airway to completion

James Montagnes

ON CANADA'S TRANS-CONTINENTAL AIRWAY: One of the chain of emergency flying fields built on the dangerous Rocky Mountains section of the new air route from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Vancouver, British Columbia, part of which is already being flown over. It will be possible to cross the Dominion in 20 hours

ALBERTA'S TERMINUS: The hangar and control tower of Halifax-Montreal-Vancouver air route but connects with

A World Survey of Aviation

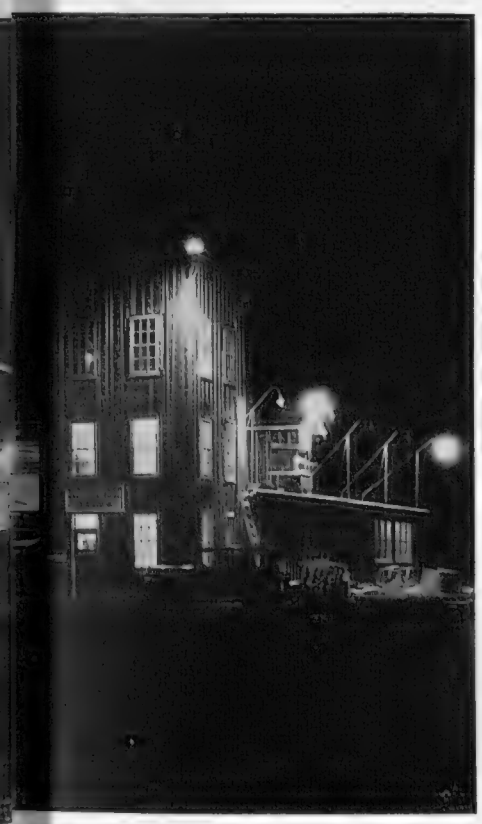
The Return of the "Divine Wind" After Its Adventures in Two Continents : Canada Plans a Vancouver–Halifax Service : Russians Fly Over the Pole : The Mayo Composite Aircraft

RUSSIA

ACROSS THE TOP OF THE WORLD: Valeri Chkaloff, Georgi Baidukoff, and Alexander Beliakoff, the three Soviet airmen who flew non-stop from Russia to the United States via the North Pole, covering the 5,200 miles in 65 hrs. 25 mins. despite fog and headwinds. The flight is undoubtedly one of the most hazardous accomplished in the history of aviation. *On right*—A close-up of pilot Chkaloff

The flight of the three Soviet airmen from the U.S.S.R. to the U.S.A. which has aroused such jubilation in Russia and done so much to impress American opinion, has certainly drawn attention to the possibilities of a new air route across the top of the world and there is no doubt that, providing the efforts of the Russian scientists now established at the pole result in the collection of sufficient meteorological data, this route will not be long in coming into being. The flyers failed by 472 miles to beat the world long-distance record which was set up by the French pilots Codos and Rossi in 1933 when they went non-stop from New York to Rayak, Syria

MAKING AN AERODROME IN THE VIRGIN BUSH: Tractors at work on the completion of one of the emergency flying fields in Ontario's wilds



Edmonton which lies some distance from the main at Lethbridge by means of a feeder service

GREAT BRITAIN

The great hull of the lower part of the Mayo composite aircraft, which Messrs. Short Bros. are building at Rochester, seen after it had been moved under the gantry prior to its wings being fitted. This lower part, which will consist of a heavy flying boat, will be adapted to carry on its "back" a smaller heavily laden plane. At the beginning of transatlantic flights the latter will thus be given the necessary lift at the outset, afterwards flying on its way alone

OLYMPIA'S OFFICIAL GARAGE: The Blythe Road entrance to Europe's largest garage, the Olympia premises of Metropolis Garages Ltd., where 1,200 cars can be contained on the six floors each divided into an upper and lower section. Below Mr. Bradley describes a visit he paid to this veritable car hotel. The Chairman of this concern is Mr. E. R. Hall, famous for his Bentley successes, and the Managing Director is Mr. L. F. Dyer whose name is a household word in the motor competition world

A FOOL-PROOF GEAR-BOX

Testing a Car Fitted with the Propello Two-Pedal Control and Other Motoring Matters

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

DURING recent years much advance has been made in the design of clutches and gear-boxes to such an extent that to-day it is rare to find a car sold that possesses an old-fashioned crash-type gear-box. In many instances the usual gear lever has disappeared and a small lever working just under the steering wheel on the steering column has taken its place. Some cars have automatic clutches or fluid fly-wheels but in spite of all these very desirable changes the driver still finds that he has three pedals to operate. The other day a car was brought down to me to test which had only two pedals, and in my opinion this is a further step in the right direction.

The car was a Standard, and it was fitted with what is known as the Propello two-pedal control. I found no difficulty whatever in driving it; on the contrary, it was a much simpler and I should say definitely a safer car on the road than one with the orthodox three pedals. The usual car which boasts a fluid fly-wheel or automatic clutch and a pre-selective gear-box always has three pedals. That which is usually associated with the control of the clutch is generally used to engage the gear that has been pre-selected. Without going into technical details the Propello system is able to dispense with this popularly-called clutch-pedal and the work which this pedal usually is called upon to do is carried out automatically by an hydraulic pump.

To explain what happens let me imagine for a moment that I have taken my position in the driving seat of the car. I start the engine in the ordinary way and the small gear control under the steering wheel is in the neutral notch. I push this into the position indicated for the first gear and then depress my foot on the accelerator pedal. When the engine revolutions reach approximately 600 r.p.m. the clutch automatically begins to take a grip and the car moves forward. I keep on accelerating and when desired put the gear lever in the notch for second gear, releasing slightly my foot pressure on the accelerator pedal. After quite a brief interval the second gear is automatically engaged without any jerk, and so I go through the various gears until top is reached. I doubt if anything could be simpler and I can vouch for the fact that the gear-changes are perfectly smooth and noiseless.

As I was asked to test the car I deliberately mishandled it, and played all sorts of tricks with the gear lever, but so far as I could see the transmission was absolutely fool-proof. I particularly made a point of finding out if I could jump direct from first to top, although in doing so the lever has to be pushed past the second and third gear positions.

The slight delay in the automatic engagement of any particular gear allows the driver to carry out this manœuvre without the intermediate gears being engaged. Even if the movement of the gear lever was not too speedy, it certainly would not hurt the car nor anyone in it if one of the intermediate gears was engaged. Actually, however, no particular effort is necessary so far as speed of movement is concerned to pass from first direct to top, or vice versâ.

Although it was not actually working on the car I find the makers of this control provide for a position of the gear-lever where an overdrive is obtained. Also opposite each notch representing the various gears is a small circular window which is illuminated when the gear lever is placed in any particular gear. It displays the numerals 1, 2, 3 or 4 as the case may be.

I made the remark that I considered a car fitted with this control would be a safer vehicle, and I think the reason is fairly obvious. Although we all can instinctively move our foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal in a fraction of a second, still the driver with the very best of mental alertness and reaction must of necessity take some fraction of a second to change over. With only two pedals the feet have not got to change as regards position at all, and so there should be almost instantaneous response to the command of the driver's brain. Up to the moment I do not know of any firm that fits this control on its standard models but I hope that some manufacturer will incorporate it in his design for 1938.

I realise it is almost heresy to criticise the contents of the Highway Code, but just recently I have noticed that indirectly this bible of road manners is responsible for some very exciting moments on the road. In the Highway Code we are all taught and impressed with the necessity of giving the appropriate signs when we wish to carry out certain manœuvres on our cars. I have always contended that the Highway Code lays down far too many signals, many of them being not only unnecessary but definitely prone to produce accidents.

If all cars were driven by robots my objections would probably be considered frivolous, but the trouble is that drivers are human beings and an uncomfortably large number have it in their heads that when they give a signal that they intend to turn to the right, to the left, or come to a standstill, they have done everything necessary for the safety of all concerned and can immediately carry out their manœuvre. These people never seem to look in their mirrors or turn their heads round to see if when they turn to the right there are any cars coming up behind them at about 60 m.p.h. and in consequence might find it exceedingly difficult to avoid a crash.

My contention is that, if there were no signals at all, a driver would think twice before he turned off to the right without looking round to see if by so doing he will inconvenience any other road user. As things are at the moment he or she gives the prescribed signals, thinks no more about the sudden deviation that is made and thinks everything in the garden is just perfect. There is no realisation, or even the faintest suspicion that the sudden turn to the right almost caused an accident.

Then again we have that very superior being who not only drives his own car in full conformity with the Highway Code but endeavours to drive everybody else's car that is anywhere near him. I refer to those annoying creatures who beckon you on to overtake them and whose signals if obeyed would probably result in your having a head-on collision with a lorry.

There is also the individual, driving a very low-built car, who will give you the appropriate signal that he is going to pull out to pass a huge motor pantechnicon or even a tramcar. All so unnecessary and capable of becoming irritating. Perhaps the most annoying gentleman of all is the student of the Highway Code who finds that you have caught up and are sitting on his tail. He then becomes busy giving you signals to slow down, probably in places where you are perfectly safe to pull out and overtake.

I well remember such a case some years ago where the driver in front kept on giving me the signals to slow down, which I obeyed, because I thought he could see some danger ahead which my eyes could not discern. Eventually, I got thoroughly rattled and passed him. About ten miles farther on, when I pulled up to buy some cigarettes, he stopped up beside me and informed me that I had been driving dangerously. Over the rest of the conversation I will draw a curtain. So far as I can see, signals—even those laid down in the Highway Code—have only been invented for bad drivers. The good driver has no need to give anybody a signal because he will do nothing on the road with his car that will inconvenience any other road-user.

IDEAL FOR SUMMER MOTORING: The M.G. two-litre Folding Head Foursome which won the Hastings Cup in the R.A.C. Rally this year for the best car of its type irrespective of size, class, or price. The convertible Foursome has all the comforts of a de luxe saloon when closed and is the perfect open tourer when the hood is down

A few weeks back I mentioned in these notes that a wonderful new garage had been built on to Olympia. The other evening when I was visiting the well-known Addison Road exhibition building I left my car in this garage which is known as Olympia's official garage and after the show at Olympia was over I watched the garage empty itself of the thousand or more cars all of which wanted to get out almost at the same moment. There are no car lifts or awkward corners to slow down the emptying process. In fact it was an eye-opener to watch the continuous stream of cars coming down from the various floors on to the street.

Mr. L. F. Dyer, managing director of the concern which runs this garage, is well known in the motor competition world and it, therefore, did not surprise me to watch the result of his organising abilities, for this rapid emptying of Europe's largest garage is made possible only by very efficient organisation.

TWENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO: A remarkable picture of the cars assembled in the enclosure at Hendon in September, 1913, at the finish of the Aerial Derby, presenting a striking contrast to the scenes witnessed at the Air Pageant at Hendon last Saturday

SUMMER PHANTASIES

ALL innocence and youthful ingenuousness is this delightful hat by Maria Guy, worn here by the lovely Madame Pol Roger. It is made of lace-like crinoline straw with soft pink taffetas ribbon tied beneath the chin

Of an entirely different character, Schiaparelli's evening wrap in vivid blue silk jersey, with a yoke of padded roses in shaded pinks, and two profiles embroidered in gold after a design by Jean Cocteau, whose signature is on the hip. Notice the satin mittens tied about the wrist like a bandage, and the transparent fan, fashioned like a dressmaker's stand, with a tape measure around the neck, and the "shocking" inscription.

And lastly, in the picture below, on the far right, Lelong's distinguished coat in heavy white linen lace, worn with a navy blue skirt and a swirling jabot of white organdie. It is complemented by a Talbot hat trimmed with fringe.

Dresden Charm

Exotic Originality

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

More "Scathing Wit and Blistering Satire" from the Pen of Gilbert Frankau

IT is a long time (or is it?) since Mr. Gilbert Frankau cavorted into the best-selling ranks with *One of Us*, and, with Byronic octets, wrung from the breathless pen of Mr. James Douglas admiration for his "scathing wit; blistering satire" which "surprises, amuses, titillates, and wounds."

Without wishing to add anything to those apt adjectives it is a poem that has stood the test of time better, dare we whisper, than some of the long list of the poet's even better-selling efforts with the novel form. For Mr. Frankau, when amusing himself with rhyming gymnastics in the aforesaid octets, has a way with him, even as a good chef with the airy elegance of a *soufflé*.

He calls **MORE OF US** (Hutchinson. 6s.) a novel in verse, and in it pretends to deal with the present-day adventures of Jack, the Don Juan of *One of Us*, beginning with a witty argument with the persistent Muse whom he dubs:—

". . . Fat, faithless witch.
You've made your divan elsewhere—so go lie on it.
Go win with Humbert Wolfe the Dunmow Flitch.
To Masefield's laureate bosom fly—and die on it.
Give T. S. Eliot your rhyming itch.
Fig leaves for your repentance, woman. Fie on it.
I know, if any knows, the ways of baggages
In this, the most hag-ridden of all Hag Ages."

He compromises by driving a three-litre Bentley with rhymed agility into the bonnet of the "Yankee job" of a duchess, thus paving the way for a stanza beginning "Rich was the Duke of Mount" thereupon to take an almighty toss at the feet of the Duke's daughter, the Lady Innocent.

"Okey," quoth Innocent, in Bacon's tongue,
"Glad rags, big boy." Jove, save us from our young!

But Innocent soon makes way for that glamorous film star Eloise de Meza—which enables the genial Gilbert adroitly to introduce the rhyme of geezer. Indeed there is scarcely a stanza without a rhyme of impish invention. Here, for instance, is one which might, or might not, have gone with a swing at No. 2, The Pines.

"Bending a little closer to that head,
Perfumed with the veritable Atkinson—
For whom the late Charles Algernon, 'tis said,
Found but one rhyme, 'A tree with all its catkins on.'
And now, the rumba ceasing, lovely led,
Laying what fond mammas call 'pitty patkins' on
Jack's strong right arm, to where more Ruinart bubbled,
And Tartface stood with Harry, slightly troubled."

With such gay impudence does the poet Frankau re-woo the Muse, telling his preposterous tale with a laugh in every verse. Some it may scathe, others blister, but, being personally not among those named, I prefer to point it as good-humoured banter, excellent reading, and grand entertainment, especially if intoned in that sepulchral ecclesiastic note with which Bloomsbury is accustomed to pronounce all works in metre.

Fiction and journalism being technical poles apart Miss Margaret Lane, I suppose, is entitled to a palm for versatility as well as bay leaves with which the Femina Vie Heureuse committee have bedecked her brow for a first novel. *Faith, Hope, No Charity* revealed an understanding of character rare in a tyro, rarer in a working journalist.

That book made its own success and now, with **AT LAST THE ISLAND** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), the author comes up to that most difficult of fences, the second novel. The book certainly fulfils the early promise with, perhaps, no perceptible strengthening of a reputation. The story is as clear cut as its characters are competently, credibly, and with reality drawn.

Russell Murray was a novelist who married his housekeeper, thereby living up to his reputation of a connoisseur of everything in the art of living. A difficult and dangerous situation, let it be said, in the hands of any novelist, but triumphantly right in this book by the aid of the subtle introduction of Mrs. Seabrook's remarkable girl child, a vividly drawn man friend of Murray, and a vivacious and terribly intelligent American girl who is the real heroine of the book.

The wife-housekeeper enables the author to display her prose style succinctly about food and, as most of the characters have also a bad dose of the get-away-from-it-all malady (all, that is, except the lady who cooks) the story revolves pleasantly around a nostalgia for one of the *Iles d'Or*. Things are seldom what they seem, and while the pleasantest part of going to live on an island should be the living on it, the getting away may certainly

A "GET-AWAY-FROM-IT-ALL" NOVEL: Margaret Lane, the woman journalist, who has followed up her first book, *Faith, Hope, No Charity*, with *At Last the Island*, a well-told story revealing a remarkable insight into character. The author is married to Bryan Wallace, son of Edgar Wallace

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

be the most exciting, especially if attended by pursuant creditors, brokers' men, and other people's love affairs.

What happens upon arrival at that island is Miss Lane's most excellent secret, reserved for those who read her story, as I did, with the interest and absorption demanded of a novel of the first order.

On the wrapper of **SINGLE TO SPAIN** (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) there is a picture of a blue-garbed

BOOKS RECEIVED

PHILIP ALLAN.—COMMONWEALTH OR ANARCHY. By Sir John A. R. Marriott. 5s. YOU CAN'T KILL THE DEAD: The Story of Three Trials. By Ernest Bowen-Rowlands. 7s. 6d. BASIL BLACKWELL.—THE RHYME OF LADY MILLICENT. By Nevin Halys. 6s. JONATHAN CAPE.—THE GOLDEN SOVEREIGN. By Laurence Housman. Illustrated. By E. H. Shepard. 10s. 6d. CASSELL.—THE OUTWARD ROOM. By Millen Brand. 7s. 6d. GOLLANCZ.—MEN OF MATHEMATICS. By E. T. Bell. 12s. 6d. PRAY DO NOT VENTURE. By Joanna Cannan. 7s. 6d.

THIS YEAR'S HAWTHORNDEN WINNER: Miss Ruth Pitter, who has published five volumes of poetry which have hitherto received comparatively little attention, has won this "annual award for a work of imaginative literature" with her latest book, *A Trophy of Arms*, and recently went to the Aeolian Hall to receive the prize of £100. Miss Pitter, who was born in Ilford, has a studio in Church Street, where she carries on an arts and crafts business in partnership with a friend

Margaret Lane Fulfils her Early Promise with a Readable and Realistic Second Novel

homicide in the act of hurling a Mills bomb. Books about Spain nowadays are inevitably tales of bloodshed, heroism, horror, agony as well as of all the adjectives conjured up by people who write of such things from political motives.

Mr. Keith Scott Watson enjoys the distinction of having it claimed for him that his story is free from the propaganda either of the *Daily Mail* or of the *Daily Worker*. Substantially that is true, for the author sets out to write as objective an account as is possible of his enlistment in the International Brigade, his life among those polyglot performers with rifle, hand-grenade and machine gun, some details of the fighting in which they were engaged, a passing love story; in fact the entire scene behind the Madrid defences.

For a reason he does not explain, and by means upon which he is equally silent, the author is able to step from out of the fighting ranks and to become a journalist under the aegis of that brilliant correspondent, Sefton-Delmer. In this capacity he witnesses bombings, encounters spies, and is able to contribute a graphic description of the slaughter of his erstwhile comrades in a horribly muddled retreat.

As a despatch from an all too sanguinary front *Single to Spain* has its value, and if the world remains sane and peaceful enough to weigh the consequences of this conflict when it is over, the book will indubitably have an historical significance.

Captain Eric Rickman, better known to readers of the sporting columns as Robin Goodfellow, once, and rightly, had a good horse named after his pseudonym. It is an odds on chance therefore that any book by him entitled **ON AND OFF THE RACECOURSE** (Routledge. 12s. 6d.) will be good value, not only for those who fabulously bet in monkeys and ponies, but also for the humble majority whose "inside knowledge" is circumvented by the newspaper naps, and whose biggest flutter goes upon a Derby runner.

Worthily also the book appears with a preface by Lord Derby who, it is currently supposed, neither indulges in zoological bets nor need pay much attention to pointers in the *Racing Specialist*. Captain Eric Rickman knows the game from all its angles: he can tell you how much it costs to own a racehorse, he can reveal the fascinating story of famous stables, he remembers every thrilling race throughout a decade, he can tell us something about jockeys and of their daily life, about race gangs and about famous *coups*

He also tells us a great deal of the history of this national sport during the war, and in this and in the many other things he tells us he reveals the affable optimism and the genial personality of a great racing journalist. Forever picking winners for others he has at least provided in this book, something that takes the literary stakes in a canter.

The story of Napoleon on St. Helena has been so often written, dramatised and re-written that we are entitled to look only to a pen of genius to create real drama with the old props. The pen of M. Octave Aubry so industrious in the compilation of Napoleonic themes presages the excitement of new discovery, of unrecorded fact or, at the very least, of pleasantly rhetorical fancy.

In **ST. HELENA** (Gollancz. 18s.) we can however discover little more than a compendiously complete rendering of the well-known story supported by a formidable bibliography and admirable index and a wealth of footnotes.

Another phase in the life of Napoleon is the subject of a study by M. Charles-Roux in **BONAPARTE: GOVERNOR OF EGYPT** (Methuen. 16s.). The author, who is French Ambassador to the Vatican, breaks unfamiliar ground in a full-length book, in that he takes but a short phase of Napoleon's career. From its reading we may draw the conclusion that it was a crucial phase, in which the born leader as well as the soldier of genius was called upon to balance the problem of pioneering, theories of government, and military strategy.

The book is well illustrated with some remarkable contemporary plates, and the whole work bears the mark of distinction and careful research.

NAPOLEON AND TALLEYRAND (Philip Allan. 21s.) is yet another aspect of the same subject, this time, as the title indicates, poised in character sketch with a figure as fundamental to the course of history at that time.

M. Emile Dard chooses to re-write history by using the counterpoint of the contact and clash of two such remarkable contemporaries. In the balance he perhaps comes down most heavily upon the side of Talleyrand, whom he represents as a good European striving, and not always successfully, to consolidate the power of France within her own natural frontiers and to secure an equitable basis for ultimate peace in Europe. I found this easily the most interesting of these three works.

Alice through the Guinness Glass

"Stand up and repeat 'Tis the voice of the lobster'," said the Gryphon.

"But I can't remember the first verse," said Alice.

"Then go on with the next verse," the Gryphon replied, impatiently; "it begins 'I passed by his garden'."

Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed them a Guinness and marked with displeasure
How the Clerk and the Banker were sharing the treasure;
The Banker disposed of the contents complete,
While the Clerk had the glass as his share of the treat.
When the Guinness was finished, the Clerk, as a favour,
Was kindly permitted to hear of the flavour:
The Banker remarking, 'I really do think
That nought can compare with this excellent drink.
The head is so creamy, the flavour so mellow,
I'm glad to have shared it with you, my good fellow'."

"What *is* the use of repeating all that stuff?" the Mock Turtle interrupted.

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off now," said the Gryphon, "if that's only the second verse."

"But there's time for one more," said Alice.

"Then mine's a Guinness," shouted the Mock Turtle eagerly.

G.E.678.A

CONTINUATIONS

THE NEW HOLIDAY (*Continued from page 18*)

amount of local talent is discovered. At Skegness they even have a fishing pond, and skittles are also available.

I have not had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Billy Butlin, but in these days of labels one can safely call him the C. B. Cochran of holiday camps. In addition to the Skegness Camp aud the new one in course of erection at Clacton, he is associated with three others, and one may be sure that he will create still more.

Born in South Africa, he lost his father while still a boy and was later taken by his mother to Canada. On leaving school he was hired by a large department store, where he worked in the commercial art department. This was in 1914 and he was too young to enlist. By adding a couple of years to his actual age, however, he soon afterwards enlisted as a bugler, but his patriotic fib was discovered and he had to go back to work. Undeterred, he joined the army again and went to France. During his leaves in England he visited some of the fair grounds. The war over, he returned to Canada and again took up commercial art, but having saved some money, he took a concession during his holidays in the Amusement Section of the Canadian National Exhibition. Here he set up a dart stall (shades of Henry Horne!) and this was actually the real beginning of his undertakings. The dart stall proving moderately successful, Billy Butlin sailed for England. Here he began all by himself as a showman, but even when a few years later his motor lorry and most of his stalls were entirely destroyed by fire—uninsured—he did not lose heart, and ultimately planned his present undertaking.

Billy Butlin is certainly owed a debt by an increasing number of factory workers. The prices charged are low; there are no "extras"; the summer camps are really bungalow estates; and an unusual amount of exercise is offered the visitors. It really looks as though Great Britain is going Continental and alfresco at last.

DICKENS WRITES TO HIS FRIENDS

(*Continued from page 26*)

if you should ever have the freedom and inclination to be a fellow labourer with me, it would yield me a pleasure that I have never known yet, and can never know otherwise; and no channel that even *you* could command should be so profitable as to yourself. Secondly, I hope you will let me come to see you when we are all in or near London again, and tell you—as a curiosity—my reasons for the faith that was in me that you were a woman, and for the absolute and never doubting confidence with which I have warned all men away from Adam Bede, and nailed my colors to the mast with 'Eve' upon them.

"A word of remembrance and regard to Lewes—and of congratulation—that I know he will feel and understand as I do.

"My dear madam, yours faithfully,

CHARLES DICKENS."

QUEEN VICTORIA: Staged at Last

(*Continued from page 23*)

pear. Mr. Housman is thinking of His Majesty's French contemporary, Louis Philippe.

Miss Pamela Stanley as the Queen triumphed over immense difficulties—not only difficulties of make-up, in which she made only one mistake, that of looking just as old in 1877 as she did in 1897. To look eighty at all when one is a girl of twenty-something is difficult. But how is Miss Stanley going to look twenty when she really is eighty-something? For so wholly delicious is the play it can quite obviously run for decades.

Mr. Carl Esmond played Prince Albert with a manly fascination which accounted for the Queen's adoration and steered that little love tiff to peace most deftly—except that he gave reason for it to break out again by sealing the peace with a song at the piano. Singing is not this clever actor's strong point. Of Mr. Ernest Milton as Disraeli, Miss Mabel Terry Lewis as the Duchess of Sutherland of the epoch and many other portrait performances, I can only say that I believe them to be historically, and know them to be histrionically, flawless.

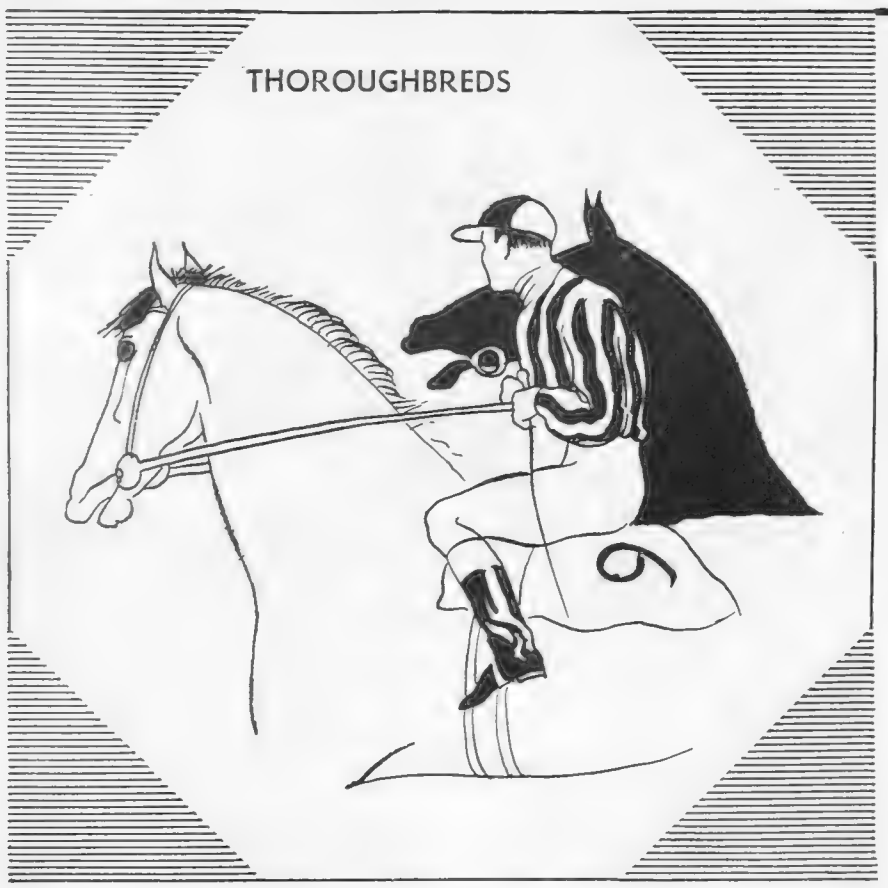
"Floodlight"—When I say that Mr. Beverley Nichols' revue *Floodlight* at the Saville Theatre is, like the curate's egg, excellent in parts, I am using a simile rather less ancient than many of Mr. Nichols' ideas. But it is apt. I believe it was Sir Squire Bancroft who, when asked his opinion of Arthur Bourchier's *Macbeth*, boomed sepulchrally, "Parts of it are good and parts of it are not so good. But the point is, are the parts that are good *good enough?*" That, too, is apt. Yet not wholly. Some things in the revue—a dramatist's dilemma on a first night, a kitchen ballet, Miss Frances Day as a lift-girl, Mr. Lyle Evans (what a first-rate comedian is here!)—are undoubtedly good enough. But the effect of the whole leaves me with the regretted conviction that I expected something a great deal better from Mr. Nichols, for whose versatility and sincerity I have much admiration.

Here he has undertaken the vast feat of writing a whole revue himself, composing all its music (though I did recognise a bit of Tchaikovsky) and doing almost everything in connection with it except figuring as an actor, singer, or dancer. In such circumstances to achieve even a semi-success is something; people who regard Mr. Nichols merely as country-cottage conscious and the author of precious if profitable booklets about daffodils and thatched roofs are quite wrong.

Mr. John Mills, hitherto known only as a sound young actor, particularly of Cockney parts, here scores as a revue *jeune premier*. The chorus, male and female, are goodly to look upon, attractively dressed and most slickly produced.

JULY 3—REMEMBER THE CHILDREN

Flag days in London, which have grown to such large numbers of recent years, have now been very considerably reduced as a result of an admirable grouping scheme that has been evolved. The various children's societies have played a big part in effecting this reduction and to-day, Saturday, July 3, six of them, including Dr. Barnardo's, the Waifs and Strays, and the N.S.P.C.C., are holding a joint appeal to which it is hoped the public will subscribe generously



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Yorkshire Moors

TWO pictures does one carry for life of the great West Riding moors. The one, a folding of rich colour upon itself, from high, ling-empurpled shoulders to the red gold of dale-side trees slipping to green where hidden water in the cloughs stays Autumn's hand. The other, a majestic desolation, tearing wind and lowered cloud, the distant heights now etched against the slanting grey, now gone, as slivers of steely rain sting cheek and hand. Strong limbs and great appetite are bred here, and great ale must go down if humour and courage are to be kept up. No "small beer" will suffice, but Worthington alone, rich, great-hearted and slow-matured—in the very nature of the North.

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Semmering.—Grand Hotel Panhans.—World-renwnd htl of the Aust. Alps. 60 m. from Vienna. Sports. Cures. Casino de Jeu. Pens. 15s. up.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel, The Golfer's Home.**—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing sea and bathing. Moderate terms. Near Casino. Golf. Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front near Casino. Free conveyance to links.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap d'Antibes.—Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus serv. with M. Carlo & Menton. Tns., swm. pl. 15 acs. p. pk., incl. fm. 70 frs. with bth. fm. 85 frs.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Monte Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rooms, 280 bathrooms. Entirely renovated 1934. Incl. fm. 65 frs. With bath fm. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date, facing Casino, sea view, open all year. Incl. fm. 50 frs., with bath fm. 65 frs.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class family hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M. 14.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.—Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite park

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension from RM. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM.10.50.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the cathedral.

Cologne.—Hotel Comœdienhof.—Nr. Stn. & Cathl. New wg. Dec. '36. Rms. fr. RM.4, lav. & toil. fr. RM.6, pr. bath fr. RM.8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne.—Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.—Up-to-date, renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Director, Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.— The modern home for travellers. First-class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof Hotel.—The first-class hotel facing the station. 120 bedrooms, 20 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B, fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grillroom. Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district. Thoroughly first-class. 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen. — Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.—Hotel Reichspost.—The hotel for personal service, comfort, and refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7–9.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald.—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich. — Park Hotel. — Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts, moderate prices. Situated the entrance of the old town. Opposite the station.

Sand.—Kurhaus Sand.—R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.) Black Forest, nr. Baden-Baden. Lake and sunbathing, fishing. Incl. terms fr. Mks. 6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse, dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin. — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Walchensee.—Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pension from 7 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—First class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens fr. Mks. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12

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Wiesbaden. — Victoria Hotel. — First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring. Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

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SWITZERLAND.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. htl. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fr. Fr. 11.50 up.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 5.50. Pension rate fm. Fr. 13.—Th. Wirth, Man. Prop.

Lausanne. — Hotel Meurice.—On the Lake. 100 Beds. The best First-class Hotel. Inclusive terms, 10s. Garden. Garage.

Lausanne. — Victoria Hotel. — (First class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne.—Hotel Beau-Rivage.—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class English house. Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Pk. Ten. Gar.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—A de luxe hotel in unrivalled situation, directly on lake front, quiet, yet central. Write for new brochure & map "E."

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Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—The leading hotel of the Jungfrau district. Inclusive terms from S. Frs. 14.50. F. Borter, prop.

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NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Haarlem and its Environs Present Possibilities for the Serious-minded Holidaymaker: The Orkneys and Shetlands for Keen Fishermen

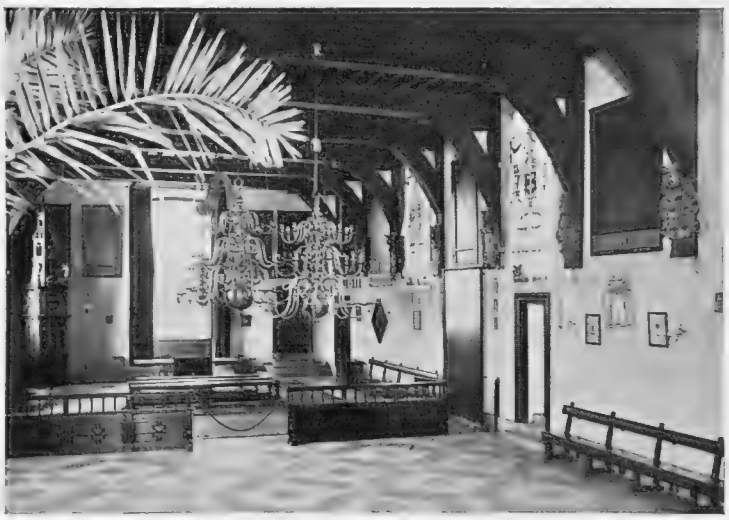
Haarlem.—Only a month or so ago an unframed, dirty, and despised picture from the garrets of a house at Cheam fetched £12,000 or thereabouts at auction. That is a reminder of the esteem in which the Dutch Masters are held, and the Franz Hals Exhibition now being organised at Haarlem seems a good opportunity for visiting that pleasant town and the many places of interest which it is easy to reach from it. Holland is renowned above all for pictures, bulbs, bicycles, birds, and windmills; an odd assortment. This time of year is as good as any from the point of view of the pictures and birds, though most of the latter will have stopped nesting by now. But a good natural light is preferable so far as the pictures are concerned. Haarlem is within easy reach by electric train of The Hague with the Mauritzhuis, and Amsterdam with the Rijks Museum. A visit to one of the famous bird sanctuaries at Tenel or the Naademeer can easily be arranged, either by application to the Society for the Preservation of Natural Monuments at The Hague, or through the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds in London. Anyone with the slightest interest in wild life will be amazed at the results of protection achieved by the public-spirited effort of a small nation, and ashamed at our own backwardness in this respect.

Drawn by Percy Home

THE PICTURESQUE IN ETRETAT: Looking across from the fishing port to the towering white cliff, with its natural arch, dominating this pleasing resort in the neighbourhood of Le Havre. The place has first-class bathing facilities

Vichy.—Familiar from its bottled waters from our childhood days Vichy is more than a spa. Set in delightful surroundings it is also a holiday resort of the first importance and there could be no pleasanter prospect than a visit to this delightful place this summer whether to take the cure or merely for the purpose of enjoyment. An enterprising directorate has arranged a notable programme for the summer months and this is well worth studying before the final decision as to holidays is made. Details may be had from any tourist agency. At the risk of over emphasis we add a further reminder that the reductions on train fares etc., offered by the French Government apply to all journeys in France provided the traveller stays five days in Paris.

The Orkneys and Shetlands.—For the fisherman and lover of solitude the farthest north of our islands is at its best at this time of year. Both the Orkneys and Shetlands are covered with innumerable lochs and the visitor to one of the hotels has a wide choice of fishing grounds. The "voes," which are deep indentations into the land, are also quite often good places for sea-trout, though the correct moment must be ascertained from the local expert. In point of view of historical interest the islands are also rich. There are many relics of the Picts, those curious little men who are probably responsible for so many fairy tales and much folk-lore; and it is not always remembered that the present inhabitants of the islands are for the most part descendants of the Norsemen who ruled this part of the world until quite late in Scottish history. In the appearance of the people and in many expressions and place-names their influence is still apparent.



THE TOWN HALL AT HAARLEM: One of the many interesting public buildings in this Dutch art centre which is particularly in the news at the moment by reason of its magnificent Franz Hals loan exhibition

Denmark.—Living is on the cheap side in Denmark. It is also a very pleasant country for a summer holiday and there are not only various excellent places at which to stay by the sea, but it is also sometimes possible to arrange to stay as a paying guest at one of the country houses. Denmark is remarkably unspoilt and remains chiefly agricultural, though our own bacon, butter, and egg producers know to their cost the remarkable achievements in intensive production of their Danish competitors. There is a remarkable air of cleanness about this as about the other Baltic countries, the old towns are fascinating, and the sea is warm in summer and ideal for bathing. Not least Copenhagen is a lovely town and the visitor will be well advised to put in several days there. That English is quite generally spoken will be found a further advantage by visitors to Denmark.

LOVELY LUGANO: A Swiss resort with scenery of great individual charm and character. It forms the subject of a note on this page by "The Sphere's" Travel Correspondent

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

St. Niklausen.—This village is about 20 minutes from Lucerne by steamer. It is a very charming place, indeed, but it is very small and quiet and there is only one hotel-pension (Hôtel-Pension St. Niklausen). It is very simple, but, of course, scrupulously clean, and the full pension terms are 7 to 8 Swiss francs per day. The lake steamers call there, but for some of the excursions it would be necessary to go into Lucerne to get the connections. There are no beer gardens and only infrequently music, but it is certainly as attractive a place as Seeburg. There are two or three villages within easy distance and very good walking. In regard to sightseeing we recommend you to make the grand tour of the lake by steamer, and a visit to the Rhône glacier would take you through magnificent scenery, and you should also go to the monastery church at Engelberg and to Einsiedeln. The whole day excursion by steamer to Alpnachstad is very well worth doing and the steamers call at St. Niklausen on their way there.

Finland.—By Finnish Line from Hull to Helsingfors by tourist class costs £10 return. From Helsingfors go to Sortarala and on by steamer to Valamo. Or if you wish to cut out Valamo you could go direct to Punkaharju, one of the beauty spots of Finland, and thence to Savonlinna and return to Helsingfors. You could of course have a longer holiday if you took one of the organised tours and did not mind travelling in a party.

Etretat.—For good bathing and golf in pleasant surroundings in France we recommend Etretat, particularly as the time at your disposal is limited. It is within half-an-hour's drive from Le Havre harbour and there is an excellent golf course. The bathing is particularly good and the old town in its setting of high chalk cliffs is very attractive. From the point of view of excursions the interesting towns of Rouen, Lisieux, and Bayeux (famous for its tapestry woven by Queen Matilda) are within motoring distance.

Lugano.—We note that you are thinking of going to Lugano and we have pleasure in giving further details concerning the thirty-day tickets as requested. These tickets can be supplied first or second class, as required; they can be used on any service and you can have sleepers on any train which has sleeping-cars attached. If you hold a 2nd-class ticket and require a 1st-class sleeper, this can be effected by paying the necessary supplement on the train for that portion of the journey over which you will be travelling first class. We note that you have been recommended to the Gerber Hôtel at Lugano. This is a very good establishment, but may we also recommend the Hôtel International where we are sure you will be comfortable.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

If you are motoring between England and Scotland try Yorkshire's leading Great North Road Hotels.

THREE ARROWS HOTEL, BOROUGHBRIDGE Tel. 45

NEWTON HOUSE HOTEL, LEEMING LANE Tel. Bedale 56

Centrally heated and standing in beautiful grounds. A standard of Service and Comfort is maintained which will greatly appeal to the discriminating traveller.

Sea, Sunshine and Good Food

. . . at one of the sunniest hotels on the South Coast, with a beautiful quiet position overlooking the Bay and four acres of terraced gardens leading down to the Pier and bathing beach. Cuisine of a really high order—first-class cellar. Come to the

CHINE HOTEL, BOSCOMBE BOURNEMOUTH

100 rooms. Private suites. The service—smooth and efficient. The terms—moderate. Lift. A.A. R.A.C. Garage. Write to James Millar for Illustrated Brochure. Phone: Boscombe 1234-5

CROMER —STAY— AT THE GRAND HOTEL

for an Enjoyable Holiday

Facing the Sea. Suites with Bath, Toilet, etc. Hard Tennis Courts.
Dancing. Billiards. Large Motor Garage.

'Phone: Cromer 24. Apply Proprietor. *'Grams: "Grand, Cromer."*

Falmouth for the Holidays

Sailing, motoring, walking, idling in charming surroundings . . . staying at a first-class hotel

GREENBANK HOTEL, FALMOUTH

A.A. R.A.C.

delightfully perched on the water's edge and very comfortable. Own private pier. Craft of all kinds for hire.

Write to D. Baker for details. *Telephone: Falmouth 440-1.*

In the lee of the Leas . . . with the smile of the sun. In fact a first-class situation for a Summer holiday.

PRINCES HOTEL, FOLKESTONE

The essential details. Rooms with private bath or suites. Lift to all floors. Central heating, Cocktail Lounge, softened water. Tennis, Squash and Badminton Courts adjoining. Golf Links 10 minutes' walk. Our cooking? Well, sampling is the only proof. Your comfort is under the personal direction of the resident proprietors. 'Phone Folkestone 2666

Situated centrally in the West End, overlooking gardens, and within a few minutes of Victoria Station, Hyde Park and Piccadilly.

Cadogan Hotel *Sloane Street* LONDON

Telephone SLOANE 7141

Bedrooms with private bathrooms and toilets. Private suites. Telephone in all rooms. Renowned for Cuisine and Service - - - - Wedding Receptions.

Overseas Visitors!

Be sure to visit Avebury with its celebrated Stone Circle whence started all the prehistoric green roads of England. This and other survivals of Ancient England in the glorious West Country can be best visited from

THE AILESBURY ARMS HOTEL, MARLBOROUGH

an old world Coaching Inn completely modernised

GRAND in name.
GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The GRAND, TORQUAY

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly. Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234.

THE GARDEN HOTEL OF TORQUAY

Palms . . . and peace. Sunny corners, shady nooks . . . a fitting accompaniment to an hotel as first-class as you would wish to find anywhere.

LINCOMBE HALL HOTEL TORQUAY

THE GARDEN HOTEL Lincombe Hall OF TORQUAY

Attractive inclusive terms—and no extras. Brochure and tariff with pleasure. 'Phone 2302.

In Quest of

What Pitlochry Has Taymouth Castle's

IF a competition were held to decide by popular vote which place in Scotland had the most attractive sounding name, I feel pretty confident that Pitlochry would come out either at the top of the poll, or very near. Certainly anyone who has ever been to Pitlochry would agree with me that Pitlochry is as attractive as its name; and particularly those who have stayed for any length of time at the Atholl Palace Hotel. "Palace" it was rightly named, for as a palace should be, the Atholl Palace Hotel is laird of all it surveys.

Suddenly it bursts into view as one rounds a bend in the Great North Road —482 miles from London, its pinnacled towers rearing their heads above the tree tops. Perhaps it is fitting that after passing through the palatial entrance gates and sweeping up the drive to the main entrance, a stentorian bell rings to announce to Pitlochry and the hotel staff at large that a "distinguished visitor" has arrived.

There the "palace" simile should end, for the Atholl Palace is the reverse of being austere, cold or formal, as one surmises most palaces to be. It is still a palace all the same and I am going to christen it "The Palace of Friendship." Please do not misunderstand me in this matter of friendship.

I do not mean that directly you arrive you will be swept into an orgy of tennis tournaments and picnics. They are there, very definitely, if you want them, but real friendship is to me the type which will leave you alone when you want to be alone, yet sees to it that there is no need for you ever to feel alone.

This is the type of friendship one finds at the Atholl Palace Hotel. When I was staying there I met some people who, for many years, have arrived at the Atholl Palace the week it re-opens, and stayed there until it closes at the end of September. They have the money and the leisure to live where they like and how they like, but they prefer the Atholl Palace Hotel to anywhere else because as they told me, there they always found friendship and what they regard as a very real home.

ALEXANDRA HOTEL HYDE PARK CORNER LONDON, S.W.1

A good address—

In the sense that it is in the heart of fashionable London directly overlooking Hyde Park, and is so convenient for reaching your social or business rendezvous. Here both residence and entertainment are a pleasure and an economy.

140 delightful rooms (and suites), each with running water and telephone. The terms—an agreeable surprise. Brochure on request. Under the same management as Oatlands Park Hotel. Telephone: Sloane 4521 (10 lines).

Overlooking Rotten Row

MODERN SERVICE APARTMENTS IN LONDON

But surely that is an American idea?

Yes, that is so; and a very good one too.

The Service Apartment in America is the mode of living universally adopted by people who want more comfort and better service when away from home than any other form of temporary abode provides.

ATHENAEUM COURT

116, Piccadilly, London, W. 1, English owned and Managed, is the world's latest creation in Service Apartments, and you are invited, when next in London, even for a few days only, to try this new mode of living.

Apartments for one, completely self-contained, including private hall and Bath, from One Guinea per day.

Apartments for two, from **30/-** per day.

Telegrams: Acropolis, London. *'Phone:* GROsvenor 3454 (25 lines).

A Standard of Furnishing & Service unequalled in any Country.

Surrey in Summer

is to be enjoyed at its best at Bramley Grange—a beautiful country house with 30 acres of grounds and gardens. The countryside is at its most glorious—an added charm to the many social and sporting amenities available. Bramley Golf Club (18 holes) adjoining Hotel grounds. Ten minutes by bus to Guildford—40 minutes from there by train to London. Bridge Hostess—free instruction to Residents. Swimming Pool. Own covered Squash Court, Hard Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, and Billiard Room. Very moderate inclusive terms. Illustrated literature with pleasure.

BRAMLEY GRANGE HOTEL

NEAR GUILDFORD, SURREY

Telephone: Bramley 195-6 *Telegrams: "Brassie, Bramley, Surrey"*

VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH

Fully Licensed

First-class, overlooking Sea. Marine Shelter with private approach to shore for bathing. Running Water in all Bedrooms.

Self-contained Suites.
Rooms with private baths attached.
Billiards
Lift
Lock-up Garages
R.A.C. A.A.

Telephone 11

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

to Offer the Traveller— Unique Surroundings

There is another aspect to the Atholl Palace, for its directors make no claim to be exclusive purveyors of friendship, and that is a very definite Scottish atmosphere, for there you will find Highland hospitality at its best. Scottish fare, Scottish manager, and a large proportion of Scottish staff. It may be that you will endorse, as I did, the motive of the Sassenach who bought only one 1½d. stamp at a time and who whispered to me very confidentially that he only bought stamps singly so that he could have plenty of opportunities of listening to "that bonnie Scotch girl's accent."

Issued by this Scottish hotel in the heart of Scotland and permeated by a Scottish atmosphere is a leaflet—"Highland Occasions," a real galaxy of pivotal entertainment. Highland tattoos; evening cruises on Loch Tay; Highland dances, and even though they are as much English as Scottish, lawn tennis, golf, and swimming *are* different in the Scottish environment of the Atholl Palace Hotel.

Taymouth Castle Hotel. — Motoring from Aberfeldy to Loch Tay, I came upon a road sign "Taymouth Castle, the most unique hotel in Scotland." Shortly afterwards I drove through the entrance gates, and after what seemed like half-a-mile of verdant parkland, dotted with trees that revealed the centuries, I espied Taymouth Castle itself in all its stateliness. At once I mentally agreed with that road-sign. Taymouth Castle is unique . . . absolutely.

It is unique in position, standing as it does on the bank of the far-famed Tay with the Ridge of Drummond and the Grampians beyond. It is unique in its own surroundings of 500 acres of parks, of policies as they are known in Scotland. Here is romance, natural beauty, and a perfect paradise for the sportsman.

Immediately in front of the hotel is an 18-hole golf course which, laid out by James Braid in 1923, has now matured with the years. No miniature course this, but a fully fledged one, recognised to be one of the best inland courses in Scotland. And "round the

(*Continued on page 40*)

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Swimming Pool. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.
Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

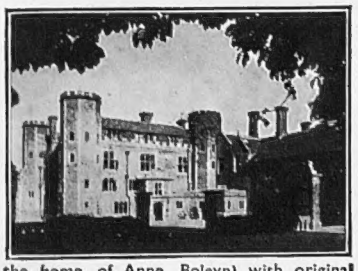
Large Inns and Small Hotels

COMFORT WITH ECONOMY

KING'S ARMS HOTEL, Christchurch, HAMPSHIRE.
BEAULIEU ROAD HOTEL, New Forest, HAMPSHIRE.
FALCON HOTEL, Fawley, HAMPSHIRE.
BELL INN, Brook, Near Lyndhurst, HAMPSHIRE.
RICHMOND ARMS HOTEL, Waterbeach, Goodwood, SUSSEX.
"BILLY" GOLF HOTEL, Camber, Rye, SUSSEX.

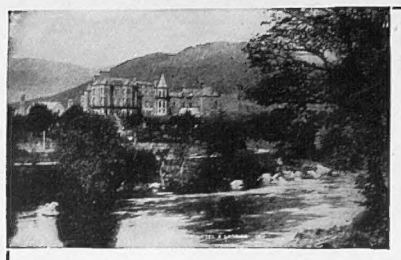
A complete Descriptive List of 168 Hotels and Inns, situated in Country Districts, apply to The People's Refreshment House Association Ltd., F Dept., 193, Regent Street, London, W.1.

WICKHAM COURT HOTEL
WEST WICKHAM, KENT
Half an hour from City and West End.
A DE LUXE HOTEL
AT MODERATE INCLUSIVE TERMS
Illustrated brochure on request.



An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.
Tennis, Squash Rackets, Swimming, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.
FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

LLANDUDNO ST. GEORGE'S HOTEL
(Fully Licensed)
Most centrally situated Hotel in Llandudno. Covered Terrace facing Sea. Orchestra plays daily during Season. Garage for 60 Cars on premises. Excellent cuisine. Moderate Tariff. Hot and cold water in all rooms. Tariff and full particulars can be had on application to S. Greame Horspool, Manager. 'Phone: 6257.



The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

THE KESWICK HOTEL
Come to the Keswick Hotel . . . the lights on the hills and the tints of the trees are never to be forgotten. *Proprietors: J. & M. Wivell and Son. Telephone: Keswick 20*

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An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.
Telegrams: "Sheltered, Jersey."
— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

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ALWAYS A WELCOME AT
CREAGDHU HOTEL
ONICH
NORTH BALLACHULISH
THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A. *Tel.: ONICH 38*
FOR A LOVELY HOLIDAY
On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. and C. water in all bedrooms. Fishing for those who desire it.
FULLY LICENSED.

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THE STATION HOTEL
Largest and most modern Hotel in West Highlands. 122 Rooms, Electric Light, Central Heating, Lift, Modern Bathrooms, Private Suites, Bedrooms fitted with hot and cold running water. MODERATE CHARGES.
Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.
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Further Particulars apply Manageress.

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Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

Scotland's Hotel, Pitlochry
First-Class Family and Residential Hotel
Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms.
Electric Light. Garage for 40 Cars.
Telephone: 39. *Telegrams: "Scotlands, Pitlochry."*
S. W. Keeble, Manager.

That Highland Arcady . . .
in a luxurious first-class hotel in the heart of the finest motoring country in Scotland.
Superb views from the terrace and the bedrooms. Cuisine and cellar . . . . such as you would expect.
ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY
Golf—on one of the finest inland 18-hole courses in the country. 46-acre grounds with 9 tennis courts, short golf course, swimming pool, two putting courses . . . and beautiful gardens. Fully Illustrated Brochure with pleasure
Telephone: 66. Telegrams: "Palace."

The personal touch . . .
characterises this first-class hotel, in its appointments, its service, and its ambition to meet the requirements of each individual visitor . . . be it for "cure" or holiday.
Allan Water & Spa Hotel
BRIDGE OF ALLAN, STIRLINGSHIRE
. . . in beautiful, historic surroundings. Motoring, golf, tennis, riding, and fishing. 75 bedrooms with every comfort. Covered communication between the Spa and the Hotel. Telephone: 148.

Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure
From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. Tariff free.
PEEBLES HYDRO

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

Bexhill-on-Sea.—Riposo Hotel.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brook (Hampshire).—Bell Inn.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Camber (Sussex).—The "Billy" Golf Hotel.
Christchurch (Hampshire).—King's Arms Hotel.
Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Fawley (Hampshire).—Falcon Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
New Forest (Hampshire).—Beaulieu Road Hotel
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Waterbeach (Sussex).—Richmond Arms Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge (211).—Three Arrows Hotel.
Leeming Lane (227).—Newton House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street. S.W.1.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel. The Downs. Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—The Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.)
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—Bonne Nuit Chalet Hotel.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.
Guernsey.—The Royal Hotel.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

(Continued from page 39)

corner" are four En-tout-cas tennis courts, and within 100 yards of the Castle itself and for nearly 2 miles through the policies, runs the river Tay. Trout fishing in excelsis at your doorstep. What more could you ask of an hotel? Yet Taymouth Castle offers you in addition the exclusive rights of 12½ miles of salmon fishing on Loch Tay.

Then if you want to ride there is no need to go outside the estate. There is one three-mile stretch of grass riding track high above the River Tay which would entirely spoil you when you return to your local earth.

I have not as yet stayed at Taymouth Castle, but I have every reason to suppose from what I have heard and seen, that one would be treated as royally and liberally within, as one is without.

Here I cannot attempt even to commence the historical side and existing splendour of Taymouth. I must confess that its magnificence was rather breath-taking. I gazed on the vaulted ceilings of the Barons' Hall. The satin-wood doors of the drawing-room. The apartments occupied by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1842. One marvelled that it had been found possible to combine as has been done, modern comforts with historical magnificence. Nearly £100,000 was spent in converting Taymouth Castle into a first-class hotel on luxury lines. Nothing has been left to chance. While old wine cellars remain, new kitchens have been added; lifts, electric light, central heating, and such modern necessities have been cleverly initiated.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

CIVIC RECEPTION AT LONDON FIRM'S OUTING: The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth, with Mr. Edward S. Baron, Chairman of Carreras, and members of the staff of Carreras during their trip to Southsea

OVER 3,000 London factory girls were given a "civic reception" upon their arrival at Southsea for their firm's annual outing, when they were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Portsmouth. This huge holiday party comprised the complete London staff of Carreras Ltd., the tobacco manufacturers. This was the thirty-first Annual Holiday Trip organised by the Directors—the first outing being as long ago as 1907, when the late Mr. Bernard Baron took his 200 workers by horse-coach to Eastcote. Since 1907, more than 60,000 employees of the firm have been treated to a free day's holiday by the sea. Mr. Edward S. Baron, the Chairman of the Company, presided at the luncheon, together with his co-Directors who helped to make this "day of days" possible—Mr. W. H. Louden, Mr. H. W. Danbury, Mr. J. A. Sinclair, Mr. Mark Patrick, M.P., and Mr. W. M. Codrington, M.C. By courtesy of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, sanction for enjoying the facilities of bathing stations, swimming pool, dance enclosures, etc., was granted to all employees.

"THE PIPER": A remarkable water-colour of unusual strength for this medium included in Leslie W. Lang's fine exhibition of portraits and landscapes which is now drawing to a close at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street

Betting on the Tote.—We notice that Douglas Stuart Ltd. have recently announced yet another concession which will greatly benefit their clients. "Duggie" has always been in the forefront with special facilities for the backer—allowing his clients the most generous terms and freeing them from curbing restrictions. Since the days when he instituted the "No Limit" rule many innovations have been introduced. If a telegram was lost or wrongly transmitted he paid the claim in full and he was the first to accept telegrams handed in up to the "off." When the Tote was installed in this country "Duggie" led the way and offered a bonus of 5 per cent. for winners on single events. Again considering both the racegoer and the stay-at-home backer, Douglas Stuart now offers a bonus of 25 per cent. over Tote odds for places (single events). Wires may still be handed in up to the advertised time of the race or from the course up to the "off" and the cost of all telegrams is credited.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On Wednesday, June 16th, before the Ship's Company on Quarter Deck, an Old Boy, C. A. Sadler, was presented with a Sword on attaining Warrant Rank. The Sword was presented on behalf of the Committee by Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., who congratulated Mr. Sadler on his splendid achievement. To the boys, his Lordship said that what Mr. Sadler had done, they too had the chance of doing. "All of you, however," continued the Earl, "cannot win a Sword, and must be working hands, but a good working hand is worth his weight in gold." Contributions for the continuing of this work for the training of sailors will be gladly welcomed from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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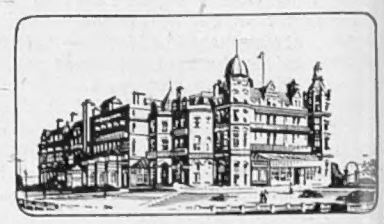

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